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FOURPENCE

Edited by Sir John Hammerton

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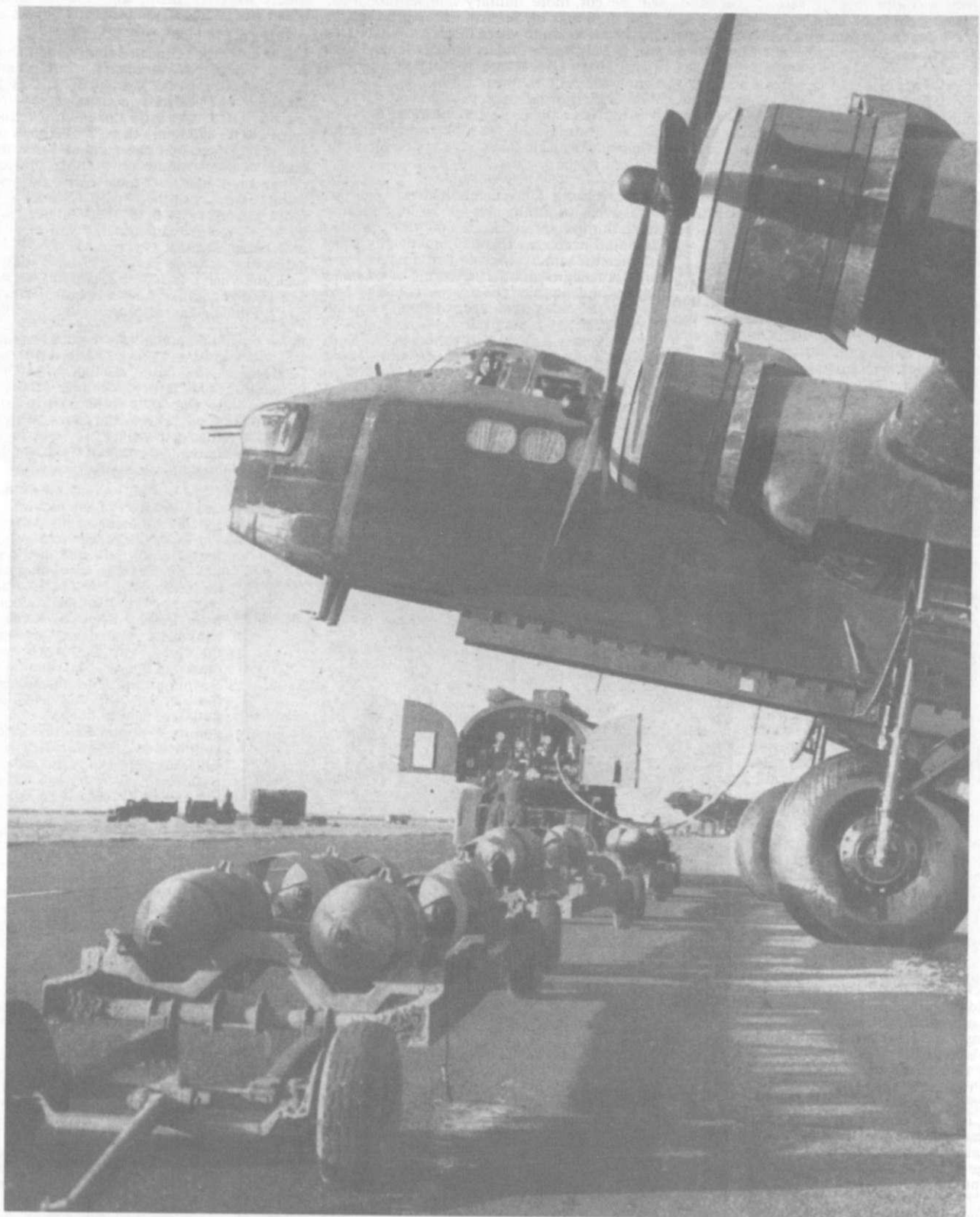


A STIRLING BOMBER being loaded up for an attack on industrial Germany. The four-engined Short Stirling carries a heavy bomb freight equal to that of three Wellingtons or nine medium Blenheims. It has proved a splendid machine, very light on the controls and easily manoeuvrable, while its defensive armament is formidable indeed. The Stirling has a four-gun turret in the tail, a twin-gun turret in the nose, and another turret amidships. A close-up view of its bomb racks is given over-leaf.

Photo, Keystone

DEATH-WATCH BEETLES IN HITLER'S EUROPE

THERE is a war on *inside* Europe. It is a war fought by men without uniform save the dungarees of a workman, with no weapons but a screwdriver and crowbar, an oily rag and a can of petrol, perhaps a package of blasting powder. The battlefield lies in the factories and workshops where men and women toil day and night to make tanks and guns and planes for Hitler; it runs through dark byways and along woodland paths and railway embankments. No communiqués are published giving news of its progress. Its heroes are awarded no medals to wear on their breasts; instead, they go unhonoured and unsung, and often their only reward is death. The day comes when a spy speaks. There is a hurried trial —what a mockery!—a muffled figure before a firing squad, and a felon's burial.

In every corner of Hitler's Europe the saboteurs are busy, since the New Order he boasts about is old tyranny writ large. But he has the power: the truncheons and the bayonets, the police and the Gestapo, the torturers in the concentration camps. So they work against him underground, under cover of night.

"IT is a moving and terrible spectacle—a darkened Europe through which the tramp of the Nazi guards re-echoes and their voices ring into the night, challenging every sound and movement; and behind this façade of vigilance, a host of nameless men, working in silence with pliers and saws and acetylene flares, pulling at the proud structure, dislocating here a line, there a dynamo, there a storage plant, like death-watch beetles in the floor of Europe." This powerful passage from a recent article in the "Economist" well suggests the wave of sabotage which is spreading over Europe, and is not to be overborne by the counter-wave of ruthless repression and ferocious reprisal.

From Bergen to Crete, from Brest to Kiev, the war of the plain man against Hitler goes on. Never in the whole of history has one man aroused so many enemies, such bitter animosities, such undying hate. In the field his armies are faced by millions of open foes; behind their lines in the countries they have subjugated, in the very Fatherland where are their own homes, the death-watch beetles are busy in their burrows.

FROM here and there trickle tidings of the saboteurs. Trains are derailed, machines wrecked, crops are destroyed, buildings fired, power stations put out of action, workers practise ca' canny. ("How can we do a full day's work," they ask, "when you refuse us a man's rations?") In Prague the other day the Nazis offered a reward of 30,000 crowns for information leading to the arrest of those who had cut their telephone wires. It's a year's wage of a Czech workman, but so far no Judas has appeared to pick up *those* pieces of silver. In France the police have offered a million francs for information leading to the conviction of saboteurs on the railways; the million francs still goes unclaimed. In Belgium the telephone and telegraph lines of the German Army have been cut time and again, and a few weeks ago the Nazis executed 20 hostages; but the next dark night more wires will be cut, more military vehicles damaged, more buildings in German occupation set on fire. In Holland, where German soldiers no longer walk alone along the canal banks at night, Hilversum Radio reports that: "We Dutch have all become children again. We are members of secret societies. We raise the first and second fingers of the right hand in the air, forming the letter V, to indicate the English word, Victory. We write on walls and cut telephone wires . . ."

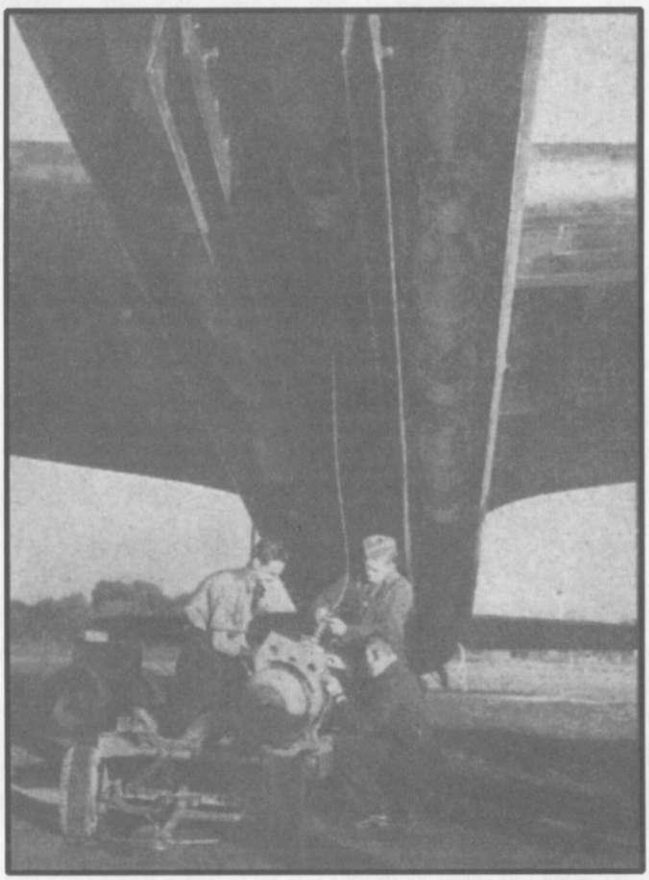
FROM Greece there come tales of guerillas wrecking Italian troop trains, burning store dumps, setting fire to the transports in Salonika harbour. From Bulgaria the story is much the same. In the mountain fastnesses of Montenegro and Serbia bands of *Chetnics* harass and hamper the enemy columns and make their lives a misery. From Rumania comes the news that railwaymen, guilty of the "slightest attempt at sabotage," are to be shot out of hand; "the same punishment will apply to managers of industrial establishments. They are responsible for the smooth running of the machinery in their charge."

In Norway, Quisling and his Nazi friends have found it necessary to decree that: "Whoever by lockout, damage of industrial plant or equipment, by defeatist influencing of others, by deliberate slow work, or by other means, upsets the industrial processes, will be punished with penal servitude and, in serious cases, with death." Two of the Norwegian Trade Union leaders have been shot; but when a short time ago the R.A.F. flew low over Oslo to bomb the harbour the people of Norway's capital rushed into the streets to greet them, and the hospital to which two of the wounded British flyers were taken was swamped with flowers.

It is only to be expected that Poland should be a country of saboteurs. But what of Italy, whence come stories of strikes and sabotage in factories controlled by Nazi taskmasters? And little Luxemburg? Surely there are no saboteurs there? Perhaps not; but it is a fact that the men of Luxemburg prefer to break stones on the German roads rather than work in their own country as collaborators with the Nazis. No people are more peaceloving than the Danes; what, then, are we to read into the stories of acts of sabotage against German ships in Esbjerg and other Danish ports? Was it only an accident when a large fire broke out the other day in that factory near Copenhagen which was producing tinned food for the Germans?

NOT even the thunder of the guns can drown the ominous ticking of the death-watch beetles, gnawing and nibbling through the foundations of Hitler's empire. May we assume, then, that it is tottering to destruction? May we cheer ourselves with the belief that the vast edifice, so imposing, so splendid-seeming, has feet of clay which are even now showing signs of crumbling?

Before we answer, let us remember that so far we have seen but part of the picture. We have glimpsed the saboteur at his dangerous and deadly work; we have seen in our mind's eye the flames of arson reflected in the sky; we have heard in our imagination the screams of the Nazi soldiers sent hurtling to destruction as their train pitched over the embankment; we can understand the look on the workpeople's faces as there is a rending and crashing, and the machinery in the giant factory suddenly stops. Sabotage is grit in the machinery, admitted; but a million machines continue to grind for Hitler. The saboteur refuses to be a slave; but for every saboteur there are hundreds of thousands who toil for Hitler because they must, for bread. Three millions of foreigners are employed in Germany today, the "Frankfurter Zeitung" tells us: Poles and Czechs; French and Belgians, Dutch and Slavs. Largely discontented, often actively hostile, yet this vast army of serfs contributes enormously to the success of Hitler's schemings.



BOMBS FOR BERLIN? Sabotage (as described in this article) can do much to disrupt Hitler's war industries, but British bombs can do more. Here we see a Stirling's bomb racks being loaded; a side view is given in the photo of a Stirling in the preceding page.

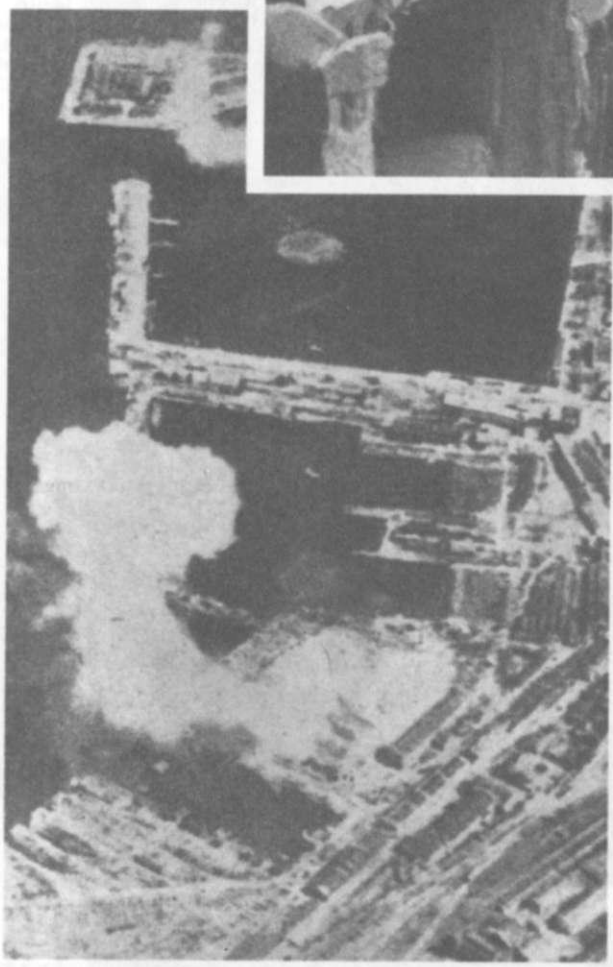
Photo, Keystone

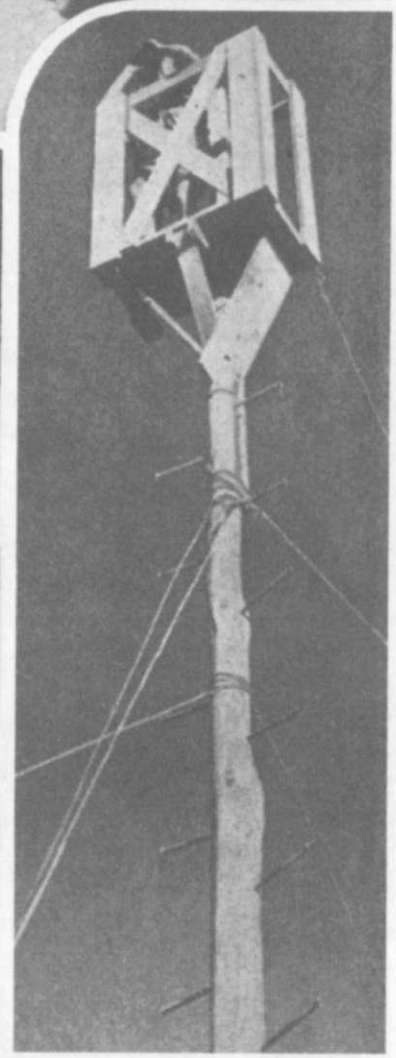
COMPARED with these, the saboteurs are few indeed. Sabotage can make Hitler pause and stumble, but it cannot make him stop. That will happen only when German production is outstripped by ours and America's. The path to victory lies through the factories. "The saboteur," concludes the "Economist," "is the far-flung advance guard of the Allied attack. Unsupported, his little effort will cost the Germans a bullet and him his life. Sabotage is a call to action, not to relaxation. The forgotten men of Europe are taking up the cry of Britain last year, 'Give us the tools. Together we can finish the job.'"

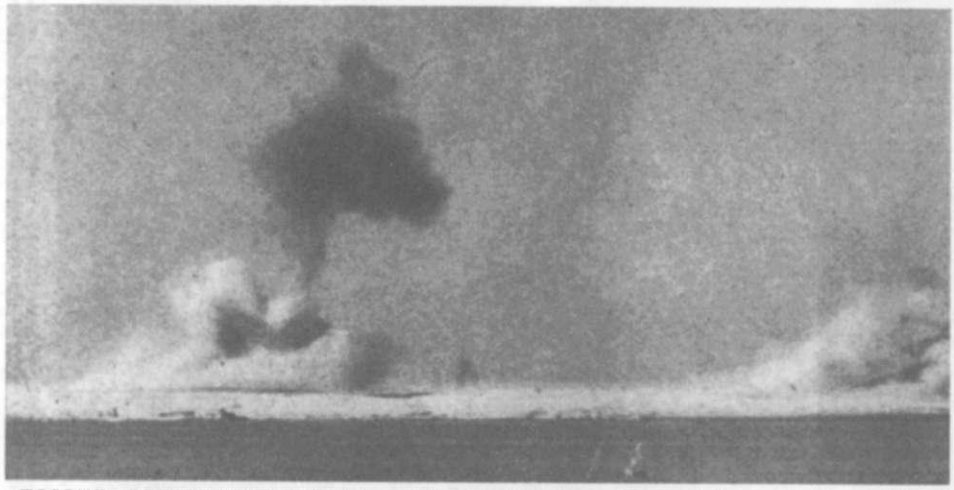
E. ROYSTON PIKE

Tobruk Holds Fast • Odessa Falls At Last

ODESSA, great Russian port on the Black Sea which had been besieged by the Rumanians and Nazis since the middle of August, was claimed by the enemy on October 17. Right, residents greeting Red Army soldiers as they made their way to the defence lines. Below, bombs bursting on the quays during a Nazi dive-bombing attack.



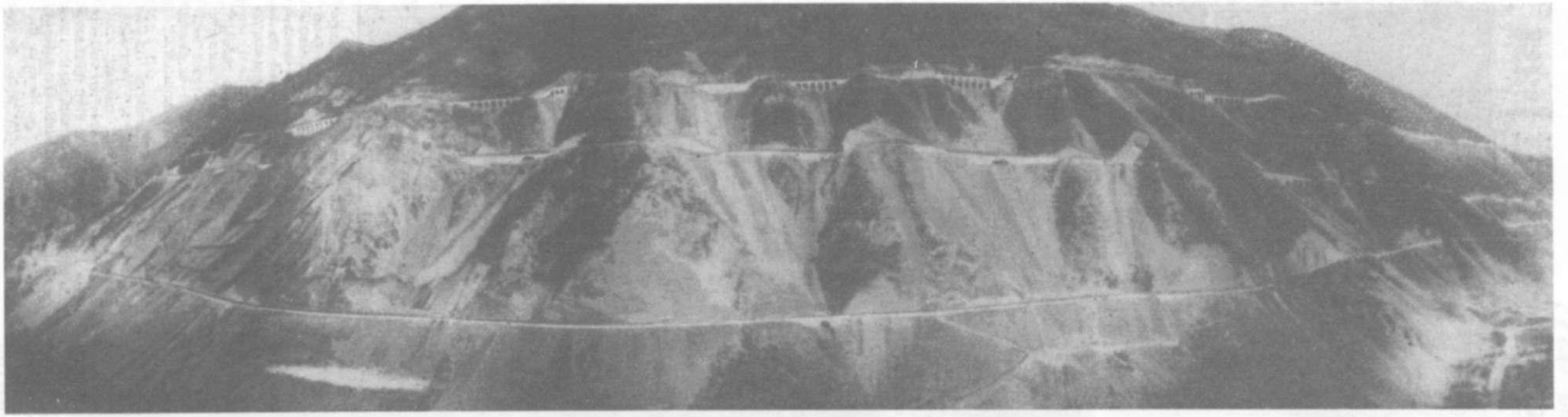


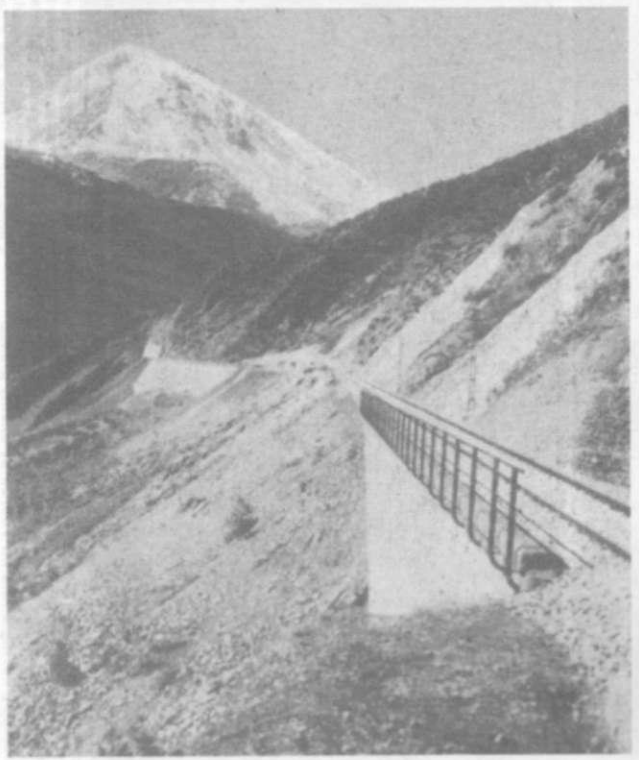


TOBRUK, claims the "Sydney Sun," "has taken its place among the great sieges of modern military history." Centre, Bren gunners in Tobruk, hidden from the air in a ruined house, are ready for attacking Stukas. Right, an Australian O.P. outside the town; from his look-out post the observer watches the enemy's movements and obtains information which will be of great value to our patrols. Above, bombs bursting during a raid on Tobruk by enemy planes. *Photos, British Official and Associated Press*

RECENTLY the commander of the garrison of Odessa received this telegram from the Commander of the Tobruk Garrison: "We in besieged Tobruk salute the resolution and fighting spirit which we have learned to associate with your country and with which you and your gallant garrison are facing great tasks. From our African stronghold we are following your fortunes with admiration and wish you good luck and the continuation of your successes. May the enemy soon be overthrown."

To which the commander of the Odessa Defence district replied: "We read your greetings with great satisfaction. The Soviet people will resolutely and firmly smash the Fascist bandits until these barbarians are completely annihilated . . . We send you, the valiant defenders of Tobruk, our fervent greetings. Be firm in the struggle, victory will be ours!"





THE TRANS-IRANIAN RAILWAY, important supply route between the Persian Gulf and the Caspian Sea, was completed and inaugurated in August, 1938. Its length is 960 miles, with an additional 200 miles of branch lines. One of the greatest difficulties encountered in the construction of this railway was the crossing of the Elburz Mountains, between Teheran and the Caspian, and the top photograph shows how the line winds from the Abbas valley to within a few hundred feet of a mountain top. Left, part of the northern section of the railway, showing Mt. Demavend, 18,464 feet, in the background. Right, another link of communications, the highway between Teheran and Tabriz.

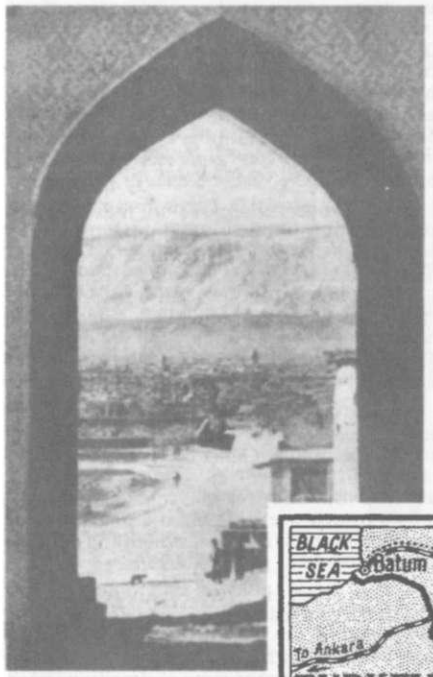
Photos, "The Times" and "Black Star"

Persia is Our Gateway into Russia

Of the routes by which Allied aid can be given to Russia, one of the most important is through Iran (or Persia, to give it its old name). Below we describe the railway and road systems of the country—systems which are now being modernized and extended under the urgent impetus of war.

TRANSPORT is the problem of problems in Iran today. Everywhere the most desperate efforts are being made to improve and extend the road system, to multiply the fleets of lorries, and to increase the carrying capacity of the railways. Nor is it forgotten that, in this wild country of climatic extremes, four-footed transport—horses, donkeys, mules and camels—still has its place.

Allied aid to Russia through Iran may be brought from the Persian Gulf, from Iraq, and from British India via Baluchistan. Of these, the most important is the Persian Gulf. There is a motor road starting at Bushire, which runs through Shiraz to Teheran and



SHIRAZ, an important Persian town now on the line of communications between Russia and the Persian Gulf. Its population is given as 119,000.
Photo, E.N.A.

on to the Caspian ports. This road is linked with a second which, beginning at Mohammerah, runs north through Ahwaz to Hamadan and Kasvin, whence one road runs north-west to Tabriz and thence to the Caucasus, while another drives north across the Elburz Mountains to Resht on the Caspian. Kasvin has also railway communication with Teheran, and work is in progress between Kasvin and Tabriz.

Most important of the routes from the Persian Gulf is the railway which runs from Bandar Shahpur (Harbour of the King's Son) to Bandar Shah (King's Harbour) on the Caspian. Twelve years in the making, the line was opened in 1938. It is 960 miles long and is reported to have cost £30 millions, exclusive of the cost of the two terminal towns, which had to be specially built; in its making, American, German, British, French, and Danish engineers had a hand, but the hardest sector of the track, the climb to the great plateau, was entrusted to a British firm. It is of the standard gauge of 4 ft. 8½ ins.

From Gulf to Sea by Rail

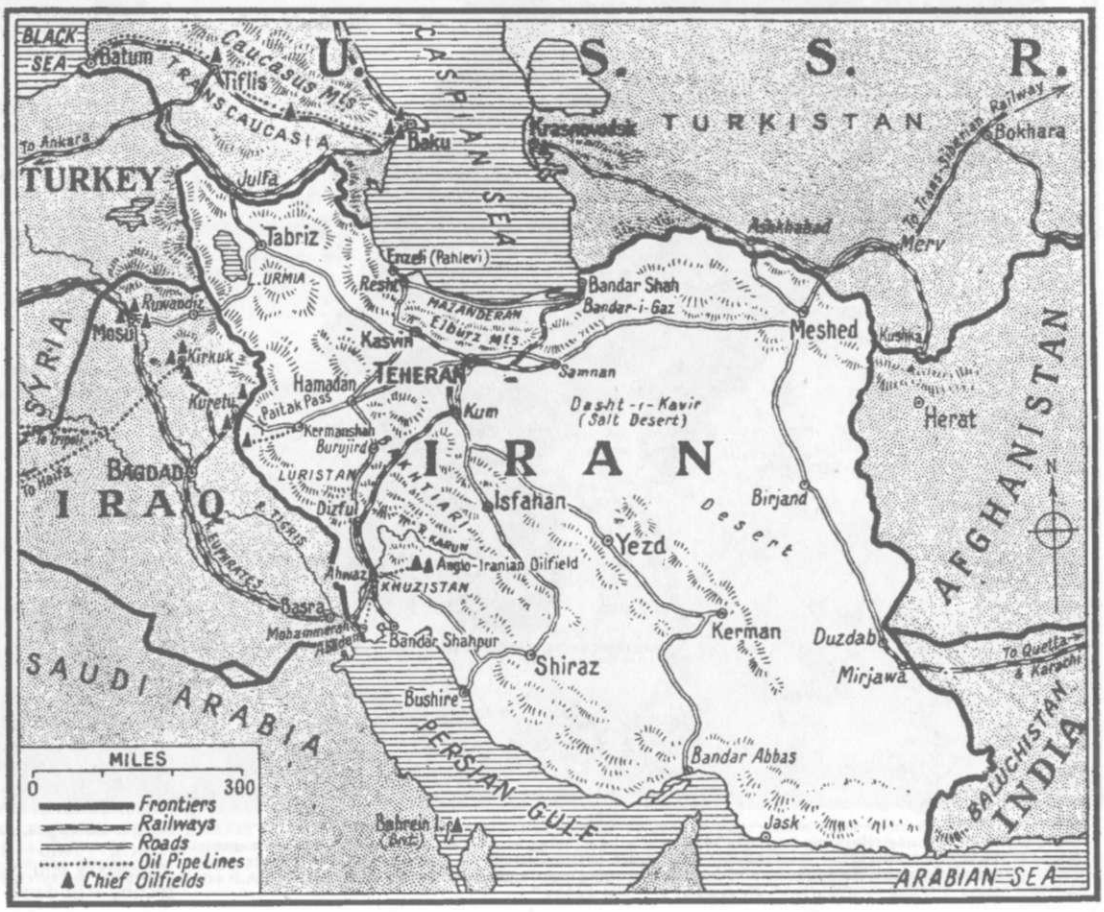
From Bandar Shahpur the railway has an easy run over fairly level country to Ahwaz, where the river Karun (navigable up to this point) is crossed. Then it begins a long climb up to the Bakhtiari Mountains, to cross which involves 18 miles of tunnelling. After crossing the great desert plateau, 3,000 feet above sea level, there is next a run down to Teheran; and then another formidable climb over the Elburz Mountains (often snowbound from November), through 25 miles of tunnels, until the line emerges above the low-lying coastal plain beside the Caspian. Its terminus at Bandar Shah has a road link with Resht and Enzeli (Pahlevi). From the latter to Baku is about 200 miles across the water, and about the same distance separates Bandar Shah from Krasnovodsk, whence there is railway communication with Russian Central Asia and the Trans-Siberian railway, which joins Moscow with Vladivostok.

When the Iranian Railway was first mooted the British urged the Shah to build it east to west, so as to link Baghdad with the borders of India, while the Russians, for their part, although they favoured a line joining the Caspian with the Persian Gulf, would have liked the northern terminus much nearer their frontier on the west shore of the Caspian. But since Shah Pahlevi was suspicious of the intentions of both British and Russians, he planned his line most carefully so that, while it suited Persia's interests, it would give the least possible aid to British and Russian pretentions. Hence Bandar Shah is placed about as far as it could be from the Caucasus boundary, while Bandar Shahpur is inconveniently remote from Basra.

So much for the Persian Gulf. From the west two routes enter Iran from Iraq: the first consists of the railway from Baghdad to Kuretu, on the frontier, whence a good motor road, constructed by British troops during the last war, crosses the Paitak Pass to Hamadan, Kasvin, and Teheran. Then more to the north a road leads from Mosul in the oilfields through Ruwandiz to Tabriz, whence there is a railway connexion with the Russian railway system in the Caucasus.

Finally, there is a line of the Indian north-western railway system which, crossing the frontier from Baluchistan into Iran at Mirjawa, proceeds to Duzdab; this line is now being extended.

Many miles of new road and railways (e.g. from Samnan to Meshed) are under construction. Progress is hampered, however, by a shortage of motor tires and lubricating oil, and the number of lorries available falls far short of what is needed. Recently the United Kingdom Commercial Corporation has imported 2,000 lorries into the country, while big quantities of rolling stock are being sent for the railways from Australia.



IRAN has now assumed vital importance as one of the few countries through which Allied aid may be brought to Russia. The map on the right shows roads and railways available.
Courtesy of the "Manchester Guardian"

Yugoslavia on the Conqueror's Rack

Some of history's blackest and most shameful pages tell of the partition of Poland in the eighteenth century. Today we are witnessing another partition, just as brutal and equally shameful—that of Yugoslavia, the Balkan state which in the spring of 1941 had the temerity to stand up to Hitler.

For a few days in April 1941 Yugoslavia waged war against the Nazis and their companion jackals—Hungarians, Italians and Bulgarians. Then her armies were compelled to capitulate, and the country which had been in existence for a brief 22 years was split into fragments at the conqueror's behest.

Italy received the lion's share of the spoil, since she was not only permitted to annex Slovenia and the Dalmatian coast, but Montenegro and Croatia were placed under her suzerainty. Montenegro was at first under the rule of an Italian High Commissioner, but on July 11 Count Mazzolini was petitioned by the "National Assembly" to re-establish the independence of Montenegro within the framework of the Italian Empire, and to appoint a regent pending the selection of a monarch. Montenegro, it may be recalled, was an independent kingdom prior to 1918, its last sovereign being King Nicholas, father of Queen Elena of Italy. On old Nicholas's death on the French Riviera in 1921, his rights passed to his grandson, Prince Michael, and it was now suggested that this young man, the Italian Queen's nephew, should be restored to the throne of his ancestors. It was later reported, however, from Switzerland that he had refused the proffered crown.

Croatia, Italy's other puppet state, had for its first Prime Minister a notorious terrorist and gangster of the worst Balkan type—Anton Pavelitch, who was implicated in the murder of King Alexander of Yugoslavia at Marseilles in 1934, sentenced to death in his absence by a French court, and since then has lived in Italy under Mussolini's protection. Now he was elevated to the position of "leader of the Croats," while his "party," the pro-German *Ustacha*, was declared the only legal political organization in what was to be henceforth a totalitarian state. A month later Pavelitch went to Rome at the head of a Croatian delegation, and formally offered the crown of Croatia to the House of Savoy. His Imperial Majesty Victor Emmanuel, "King of Italy, Emperor of Ethiopia, King of Sardinia, King of Cyprus, Jerusalem and Armenia, Duke of Savoy," etc., etc., declined another crown, but was graciously pleased to nominate his second cousin, Prince Aimone, Duke of Spoleto, brother of the Duke of Aosta, as sovereign of the new state, and in due course the Duke was proclaimed King Tomislav II. But he showed no great eagerness to experience his new subjects' welcome, and the real power remained in the hands of Pavelitch and his Ustachis, with strong Italian support, who engaged in the highly congenial occupation of wiping out their old enemies, the Serbs.

YUGOSLAVIA today, showing how the kingdom is now being carved up and partitioned amongst Italy, Hungary and Bulgaria. But though Yugoslavia is theoretically a conquered country, strong guerilla bands throughout the land are waging war against the "conquerors."
By courtesy of "The Sphere"

In the north, the Banat of Temesvar—the triangular piece of country between the Rivers Drava and Tisza which had been Hungarian up to the Great War—was restored to Hungary. The Bulgarians, for their part, occupied a considerable portion of Macedonia, in the south of Yugoslavia; but here they came in conflict with the Italians, who had been indulging a hope of a Greater Albania, extending so as to include Salonika. Another plan revolved about the creation of an independent Macedonia—a project which has the support of the I.M.R.O. (Internal Macedonian Revolutionary Organization), whose chief, Mihailoff, is described by some as a patriot and by others as a brigand.

In the Yugoslavia carve-up the Germans appropriated for themselves a small strip of Slovenia in the far north round the town of Maribor (Marburg). At once they began a campaign of murder and expropriation, described by Dr. Miha Krek, deputy Prime Minister of the Yugoslav Government now in London, as a deliberate attempt to murder a highly-civilized European nation.

In what is left of Yugoslavia the Germans have succeeded in setting up a quisling government under General M. Neditch, who was War Minister in the Tsvetkovitch cabinet. But only where the German and Italian troops are present in force does his government function; elsewhere the country is in the hands of patriotic bands.

In September it was said that four wars were being waged in Yugoslavia. One was being carried on by the Communists, who were working with good effect as saboteurs, their special forte consisting of derailing trains by loosening rails. The second was that of the Ustachi terrorists versus the patriots in Croatia—a matter of street clashes between gangs of partisans. Much more important was the third, which was being carried on by units of the Yugoslav regular army against the troops of the occupying powers.

Perhaps as important was the fourth war, which was, and is, being carried on by the guerilla bands (*komitadji*) of *Chetnics* (patriots). These *komitadji* are well equipped and extremely mobile, operating in groups of 15 to 50; they carry their own munitions and provisions, and hide, or are hidden, in villages and woods. One of their chief activities is the hampering of the Nazi engineers who are trying to rebuild the destroyed railway between Belgrade and Salonika; what is built during the day is destroyed at night by the Chetnics.

In vain the Nazis and Italians have taken the most savage steps to counteract these hostile activities. Executions are an everyday occurrence; hostages are seized and mercilessly shot; heavy fines are imposed on villages alleged to have given succour to the Chetnics; a strict curfew has been imposed. Yet the wars go on. Sabotage is perpetual, assassinations are almost as frequent as bomb outrages, savagery evokes savagery in return. And in spite of everything the Yugoslavs still believe that the day of resurrection will dawn for their martyred country.

Hurricanes Have Been in Action in Russia

Already the R.A.F. in Russia has given a good account of itself, and from the very first cordial relations were established with the Soviet airmen. In the circle, Wing-Cmdr. H. N. G. Ramsbottom-Isherwood, commanding the R.A.F. wing in Russia, is seen studying a chart with Soviet Flying officers preparatory to a joint sortie by the two forces. Above, a Hurricane stands under trees on the edge of a Soviet flying field. The Soviet airmen had nothing but praise for the Hurricanes with which the R.A.F. wing is equipped, and were unanimous in their opinion that this fighter plane fully justifies its name.

Photos, British Official: Crown Copyright

Our Searchlight on the War

BOMBER HERALDRY

BRITAIN'S bombers go into action with emblems and mottoes painted on their sides—some gay, some grim, but all imbued with the spirit of individuality. It is the captain's privilege to choose an emblem for his aircraft, but he does it in consultation with his crew. Then he commissions a member of the ground staff, usually a man who has been an artist or designer in civilian life, to paint the emblem upon the aircraft. These emblems take various forms. A Canadian bomber squadron boasts among its emblems a fine drawing of a Red Indian's head with the inscription "Chief Thundercloud." The captain of another aircraft, which has carried out many operational flights over Cologne, Dortmund, Essen and Hamm, has adopted as its emblem a drawing of a witch riding a bomb instead of a broomstick, with the motto, "Terror of the Ruhr." Bombers are known by their letters—like "F for Freddie," in the film "Target for Tonight." The captain of a certain "D for Donald" has, of course, a Donald Duck on the aircraft he takes over Germany, while a bomber marked "P" bears the well-known figure of Pop-eye the Sailorman. The commonest form of bomber decoration is a fresco of bombs or swastikas, each one of which denotes an operational flight. When the twenty-first attack is reached a key, symbolizing a coming-of-age, is incorporated.

'THE DUKE' is, appropriately enough, the emblem borne by one Wellington bomber which flies over Germany. This emblem was drawn by Zec, the "Daily Mirror" cartoonist.
Issued by the Air Ministry

C.-IN-C. TALKS AT MANILA

AIR Chief Marshal Sir Robert Brooke-Popham, Commander-in-Chief Far East, recently held a three-day conference at Manila with General Douglas McArthur, Commander-in-Chief of the American Forces in the Philippines. Although denying the existence of any formal Anglo-American agreement for mutual military

NEW "TIN HAT" for British soldiers is seen above. The helmet is said to afford better protection than the type previously used.
Photo, Keystone

action in the Far East, observers believed that Sir Robert was informed of the help he might expect in the event of an Axis attack on Singapore. Others reported to have taken part in the Conference were Brig.-Gen. John Magruder, leader of President Roosevelt's military mission to Gen. Chiang Kai-Shek, Sir Earle Page, President Quezon of the Philippines, Major Grunert and Brig.-Gen. Clagett, commanding respectively the U.S. Army and Air Forces in the Philippines, Admiral Hart, commanding the U.S. Asiatic Fleet, Sir Otto Niemeyer, Gen. Ho Ying-Ching, and the Prime Minister of Burma, U Saw.

JAPAN'S DEFEAT IN CHINA

ON October 1 Japan suffered a severe defeat at the hands of General Hsueh-Yueh. Two great Japanese enveloping movements launched from Hankow and Canton to annihilate the Chinese armies in Hunan, to seize the vital Hankow-Canton railway and gain possession of Changsha, were smashed after violent fighting. General Hsueh-Yueh, the "little tiger," commanding the Chinese forces defending Changsha, concentrated on dealing with the most dangerous Japanese thrust—the one from Hankow in the north. As the Japanese moved southwards he offered only slight resistance with his advance units, which were then withdrawn to the Japanese flanks. The enemy was allowed to get within eight miles of Changsha when, by a piece of perfect timing, the main Chinese force came into action while the advanced forces, now on the Japanese flanks, made a simultaneous attack. The fierce battle which ensued lasted for forty-eight hours, after which the Japanese, heavily, defeated, retreated towards Hankow, leaving behind them 40,000 dead and wounded. With the defeat of this army the Japanese southern drive from Canton faded out and that army, harried by the Chinese, retreated towards its base.

'SWOPPING' TOOLS

SOME eighty firms of war manufacturers in South-West England were represented recently at one of the most remarkable auctions ever held in Bristol. The object of this auction, which was really more of an exchange than an auction in the strict sense of the term, was to eliminate bottle-necks in production. Tools used in the production of planes, tanks, guns, shells and ships were bought, lent or exchanged between firms, and representatives of the firms attended with lists of tools they required to complete urgent orders. A number of machine tools were "swopped" between various firms from different parts of the country, and within the first hour over forty firms were brought into contact and more than a hundred bottle-necks eliminated. Similar auctions are to be held throughout the country.

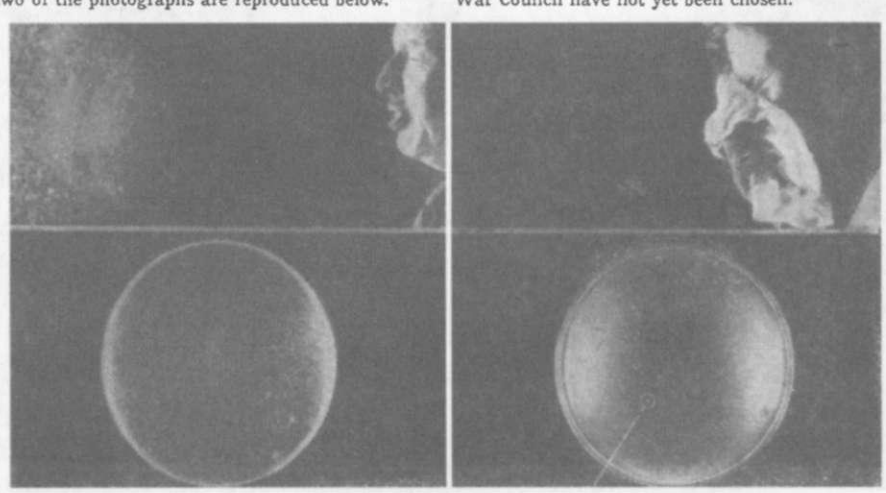
COLDS HELP HITLER

THE Ministry of Health is launching a big campaign against the common cold and influenza, ailments which cause great loss to industry through sickness absence. Sir William Jameson, Chief Medical Officer of the Ministry of Health, has said that if one reckoned that 10,000,000 workers in this country were engaged on war production, and each of them lost no more than two days' work each year through sickness, production would be held up to the extent of 3,500 tanks, 1,000 bombers, and 1,000,000 rifles. It must be remembered, too, that sick absentees were not only absent from work during these two days, but would have been sick before they left and below par for some time afterwards. Slogans, posters, drawings, films and model lessons in school will form part of the anti-infection campaign, and two of the photographs are reproduced below.

FLT.-LT. BRENDAN FINUCANE, twenty-one-year-old Spitfire "ace" of No. 452 Squadron R.A.A.F., brought down his twenty-first enemy plane early in October. Born in Dublin in 1920 he was commissioned in August 1939. He was awarded the D.F.C. when a Flying Officer with No. 65 Squadron R.A.F. in May 1941. Since then he has won it twice more, and was recently awarded the D.S.O. "His ability and courage," says the official account, "have been reflected in the high standard of morale and fighting spirit of his unit." *Photo, L.N.A.*

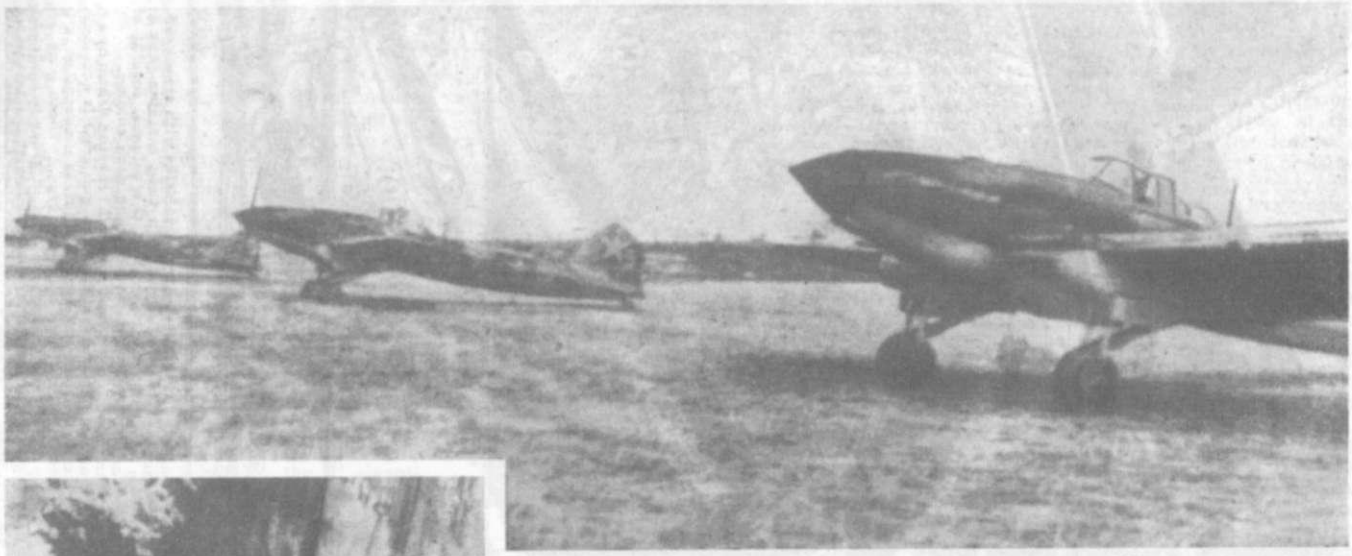
AUSTRALIA'S NEW CABINET

FOLLOWING the resignation of Mr. A. W. Fadden on Oct. 2, a new Labour Cabinet was announced from Canberra on Oct. 6, with Mr. J. Curtin as Prime Minister and Minister of Defence Coordination. Mr. Curtin has been Leader of the Opposition in the Commonwealth Parliament since 1935. Editor of the "Westralian Worker," Perth, from 1917 to 1928, in the latter year he was elected a Member of the House of Representatives. He was Australian delegate to the International Labour Conference in 1924. One of the most important posts in the new Cabinet is that of Mr. J. J. Dedman, who has been given an entirely new Ministry, that of War Organization of Industry. Mr. Dedman, who is only 44, was born at Newton Stewart, Scotland. The new Army Minister is Mr. F. F. Forde, Deputy-Leader of the Labour Party. Senator J. S. Collings, who takes the Interior, is Leader of the Labour Party in the Senate, and External Affairs are in the hands of Mr. Herbert Evatt, a former judge of the Supreme Court of New South Wales. The Australian War Cabinet comprises Mr. Curtin, Mr. Forde, Mr. Chifley, Australian Treasurer, Mr. Evatt, Mr. Beasley, Minister of Supply and Development, Mr. Dedman, and Mr. Makin, Minister for Navy and Munitions. The members of the Advisory War Council have not yet been chosen.

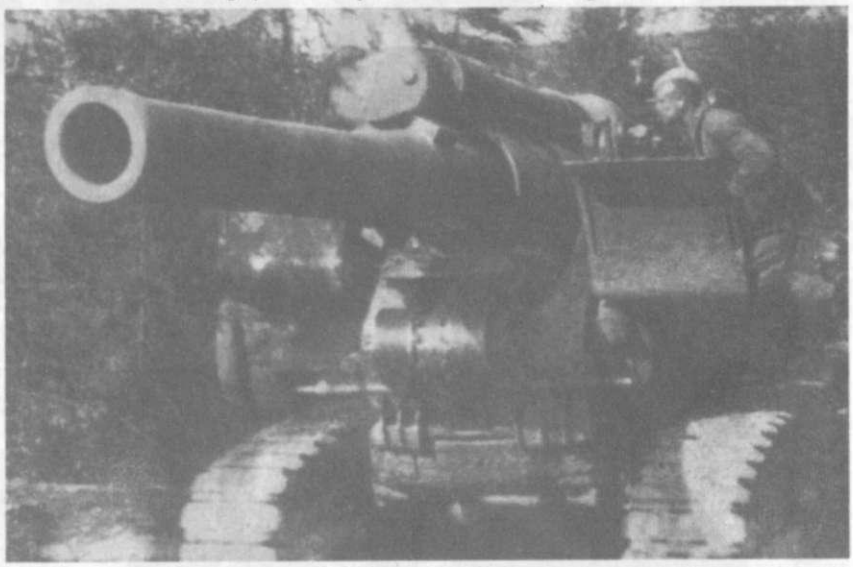


SNEEZE CAREFULLY! Left, a careless sneezer broadcasting thousands of germ-laden droplets into the air. One of these droplets was caught in a Petri dish held three feet away and in it there grew 19,000 colonies of living germs (bottom left). Right, as the result of a careful sneezer using a handkerchief to trap the germs, a droplet caught at the same distance showed under the microscope only one colony of germs. (See paragraph above.) *Issued by the Ministry of Health*

Machines and Men in the Battle of Giants



STORMOVIK dive bombers about to take off from a Soviet airfield. Lord Beaverbrook has referred to this new type of heavily armoured plane as having proved very successful in breaking up Nazi troop concentrations advancing on Moscow.



RUSSIAN SAILORS wheeling up heavy shells for the big guns defending Leningrad. Right, an immense mobile field weapon on caterpillar wheels coming into position.

GERMAN PRISONERS captured by the Red Army in recent fighting. On the right, a Soviet soldier engaged in the perilous duty of cutting barbed wire entanglements in a wooded sector of the battlefront. *Photos, British Official; Crown Copyright*

Soviet Bombers in Action

With Devastating Effect Russia's Air Force Strikes at the German Lines of Communication

Specially drawn by Haworth for THE WAR ILLUSTRATED

IN every Soviet communiqué from the Eastern Front mention is made of the splendid work done by the Red Air Force in attacking the German supply columns and concentrations of troops. This drawing shows one of the methods which they employ.

A formation of Soviet airmen are seen hurling their bombs at a German supply column. The aircraft depicted are the strongly built short-range R.10 attack bombers, specially designed for direct support work. This is in reality the American Vultee V-11 attack bomber built under licence. This aircraft has a speed of about 250 m.p.h. The pilot (A) can be seen holding his control stick, at the top of which is the fire-control button for the four forward-firing machine-guns in the wings. The gun sight is situated just in front of his eyes.

The engine controls are shown on his left (B), the main petrol tank is just behind him (C), and behind that again is the observer's seat (D). The observer (E), who also combines the functions of wireless operator and rear-gunner, is seen bringing his gun into action. There is a transparent enclosure running from windshield to the rear end of the gunner's cockpit and the rear section folds back (F) to act as a windshield for the gunner and to enable the gun to be traversed. (G) is a streamline direction-finding loop aerial. In the inset, bottom right, ground staff are loading a 500-lb.bomb to the external rack (H) of an R.10. There is also internal bomb stowage for small bombs.

Two- and four-horsed wagons (J) are a feature of the German supply organization. Small rubber-tired, horse-drawn vehicles with armoured bodies (K) and fitted with twin machine-guns are employed to protect the column, several of these vehicles accompanying each column.

A heavy field-gun (L) is being drawn by a tracked vehicle in which the gun crew is accommodated.

An anti-tank gun (M) is mounted on a tracked vehicle of a lighter type. These guns are very mobile, and are used in great numbers to afford protection against the Soviet tank attacks. There is also a horse-drawn light field-gun (N).

Soviet Russia's Supreme Hour of Crisis

September 1940 was Britain's supreme hour of crisis. A year later it was Russia's, when Hitler flung the greatest and most powerful army ever assembled on earth against the Russian lines. Below we tell of the opening phases of this, the fourth of the great German offensives launched in the war against the Soviet.

OUTSIDE the Sportspalast in Berlin on Oct. 3 Nazi soldiers and storm troopers were rattling the collection boxes, while within the great hall the Fuehrer opened the Winter Help Campaign. But Hitler had little to say of the *Winterhilfe*; rather he had come to announce the launching of what he hoped would be the final blow against the Soviet power.

"In this very hour," he said dramatically, "a new, gigantic event is in progress on the Eastern Front. In the last 48 hours operations have been started which will assist me to smash our enemy in the east . . ." A few hours before, in his Order of the Day to the German soldiers, he had spoken in similar vein.

Opening on October 2, the "gigantic event" to which Hitler referred revealed itself as a pincers movement against Moscow delivered by the armies of Field Marshal Von Bock. The northern arm of the pincers operated from the area to the south of the Valdai Hills, 210 miles north-west of Moscow; while the southern arm came into operation from Roslavl, 75 miles south-east of Smolensk. At its outset the operation involved a front of about 160 miles, but this was ere long extended until for some 700 miles there was a fluid zone of furious war.

Onslaught Against Moscow

But in the main the offensive was directed against Moscow. Von Bock was reported to have under his command over 100 divisions, more than a million men. Many of them were fresh to the struggle; all were well equipped and organized. In the north General Hoth's panzers stormed ahead from Veliki Luki; and south of the Moscow highway General Guderian's tanks pushed rapidly ahead from Roslavl against Bryansk. Supporting them were the vast motorized infantry divisions of Field Marshal Von Kluge and General Von Strauss, while Kesselring's dive-bombers blasted a way before them. Opposed to them were Marshal Timoshenko's armies, inferior in numbers and perhaps in equipment, and tired by their counter-attacks at Yelnia.

For days the communiqués from either side were tantalizingly uninformative, although from unofficial reports issued in Moscow it was made plain that the German onslaught was the greatest, the fiercest in intensity, that had been experienced. Correspondents pictured wave on wave of dive-bombers, tremendous barrages by artillery of all calibres, hundreds of tanks locked in a deadly struggle, the plain swept by machine-gun fire, burnt by flame-throwers and loaded with wounded and dead. But Timoshenko's men were reported to be facing this inferno with their traditional bravery and without dismay; while the Red Air Force put up a performance which for brilliant audacity rivalled that of our own R.A.F. at Dunkirk.

The first concrete news of the fighting was given in a report from the Russian High Command on October 7, which said that particularly fierce fighting was taking place in the direction of Vyazma, Bryansk and Melitopol (near the Sea of Azov). Then came the significant admission that after fierce battles the Russian troops had evacuated Orel, an important railway-junction 75 miles south-east of Bryansk. The German communiqué of the same day opened by a reference to the panzer army which had advanced to the Sea of Azov and defeated the 9th Soviet Army near Melitopol; S.S. regiments had followed up the Russians to Mariupol, it was claimed. Then in the vital Moscow zone, "The break-through, which began in the central sector on October 2, has led to a new series of tremendous battles of destruction; in the Vyazma area alone several armies are encircled, and are proceeding irrevocably towards their destruction."

BRYANSK, about 200 miles south-west of Moscow, was evacuated by the Russians when part of Gen. Yeremenko's army had been encircled. Above are blocks of workers' flats in the town.

MURMANSK TO ROSTOV, showing the approximate battle positions in mid-October.
Photo, Planet News; Map, "Daily Telegraph"

From these statements it was clear that the Russian situation was grave indeed. Both Vyazma and Bryansk lie some 60 miles to the east of the positions occupied by the Russians at the beginning of October; while as for Orel, it is separated by some 140 miles from the starting point of the vast offensive. Thus in a week the Germans had pushed Timoshenko far beyond Smolensk, and this following more than three months of almost incessant fighting and persistent attack. Timoshenko's gains in the Yelnia sector had been wiped out; and at Vyazma and Bryansk many thousands of Russian troops had been cut off. So terrific had been the punch, so swift the onset, that it says much for the Russian Marshal's generalship that he was able to withdraw most of his threatened divisions, and still maintain a fighting front before Moscow.

"Attacked by strong tank forces in the rear," announced Hitler from his headquarters on October 9, "three enemy armies are faced with annihilation in the Bryansk area. Together with troops already encircled at Vyazma, Marshal Timoshenko has sacrificed the last army capable of giving battle on the whole Soviet front." These vainglorious boastings were received with scoffing in Moscow. "Hitler's plan to encircle Timoshenko's forces has been thwarted," declared "Red Star," the Soviet Army newspaper on October 10, and the paper's correspondent described the reinforcements which were streaming to the front in endless columns.

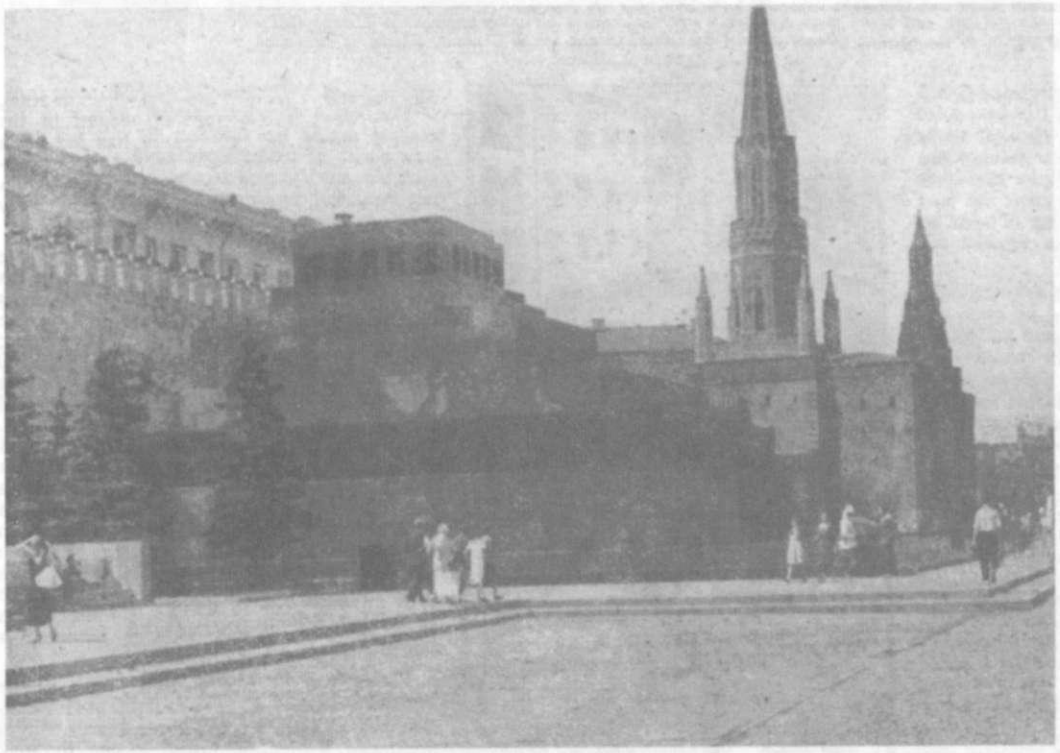
"Fascist planes are trying to halt them, but are dealt with by our fighters," he wrote. "Column after column of lorries carrying troops and war material are passing the cross-roads I have chosen as my observation point. Infantrymen are sitting in the lorries with calm faces, gripping their tommy-guns, automatic rifles and machine-guns of all calibres . . . All the soldiers have new winter caps and warm winter greatcoats. Their underwear is warm and their boots are strong. Everything they have is new. Cavalry and artillery are following the infantry in unending columns. They are all fresh reserves. Colossal war machines are rolling along the edge of the road. They are the tanks the Germans are so afraid of."

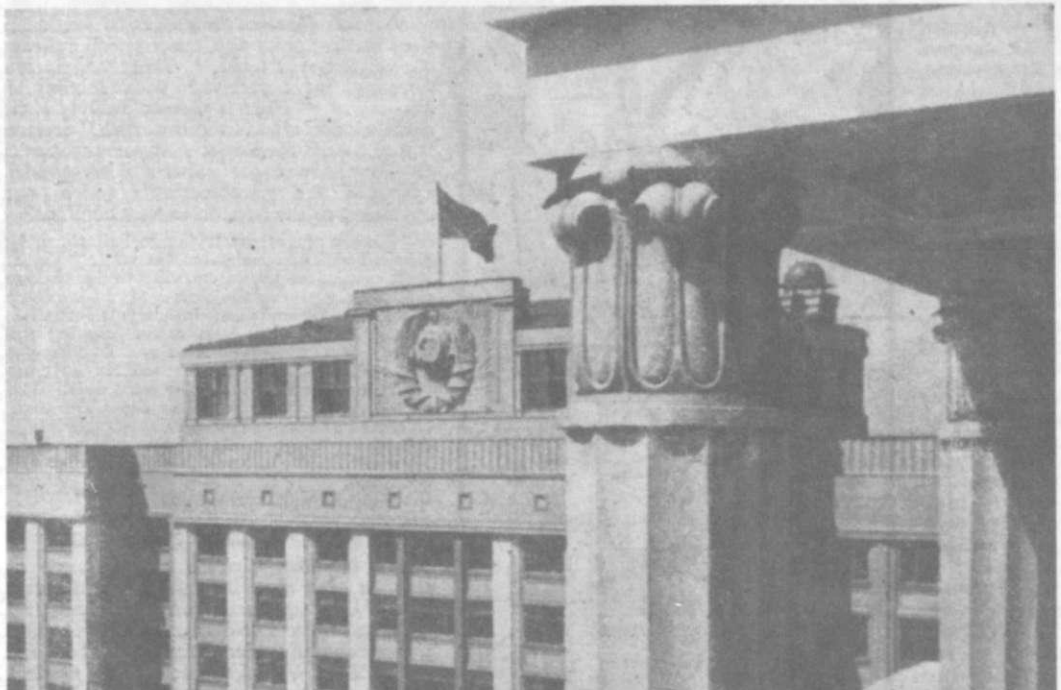
Fall of Bryansk and Vyazma

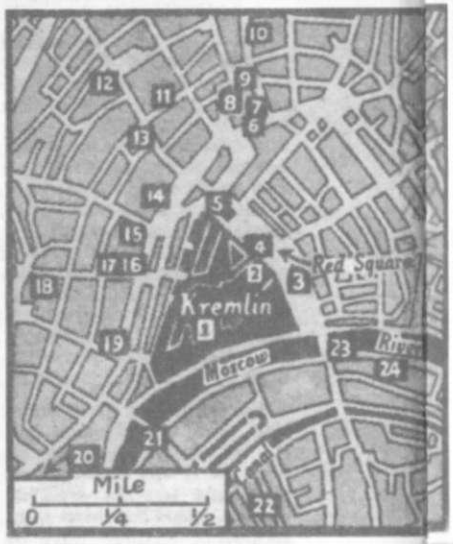
But if Timoshenko's armies were not trapped, they were increasingly hard pressed as the German hordes drew ever nearer to Moscow. The northern arm of the pincers was encountering fierce resistance at Kalinin, south of the Valdai Hills; but the Germans at Vyazma were only 100 miles from Moscow, while their fellows in the Bryansk region to the south were now moving swiftly northwards, threatening to take Timoshenko's main forces in the rear. And all the time, while this great struggle was going on in the central sector the Germans maintained their pressure on Leningrad, and in the Sea of Azov region were claiming a fresh series of annihilating victories.

On October 12 Soviet headquarters announced the evacuation of Bryansk, and a day later that of Vyazma; both, the Germans claimed, had been left far behind by the battle. Then for a day or two there was a comparative lull. But on October 15 the drive was again in full strength, and Moscow heard at last the thunder of the enemy's guns.

At the End of the Road Piled High with German Dead: Moscow, C

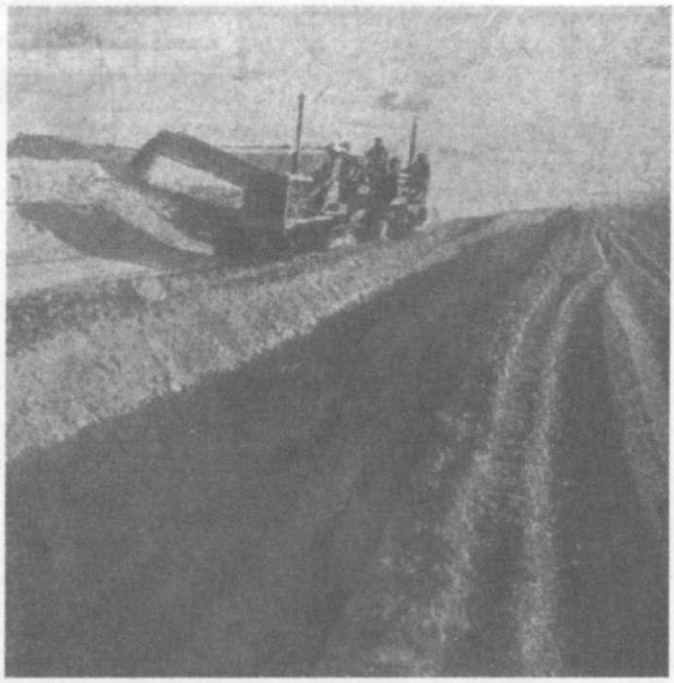






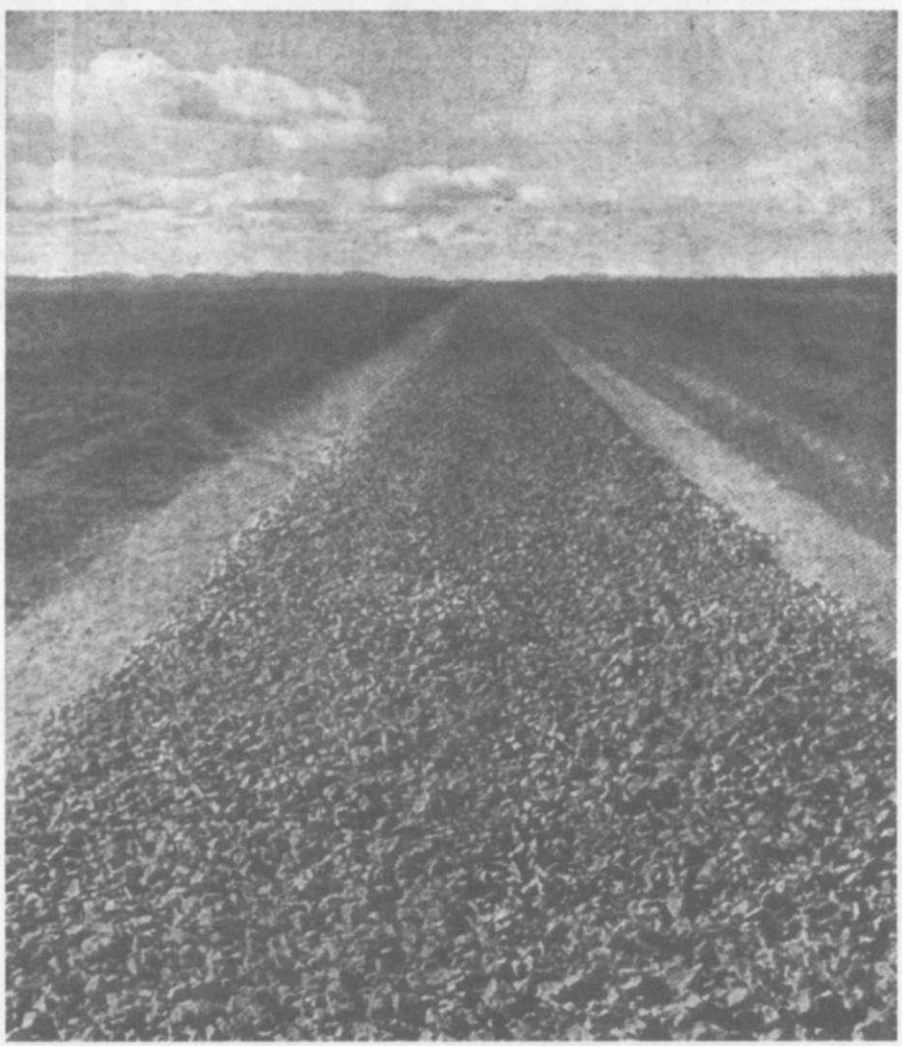
PLAN OF MOSCOW, capital of the U.S.S.R. The numb
inset (left) of the heart of the city are : 1, the Great Palace
of the Central Executive Committee ; 3, Cathedral of St
Tomb ; 5, Historical Museum ; 6, Sverdlov Square ; 7,
department store) ; 8, Grand (Bolshoi) Theatre ; 9,
House ; 10, State Bank ; 11, Moscow Art Theatre ;
(City Hall) ; 13, Central Telegraph and Post Office ;
15, Moscow University (First) ; 16, Office of Pres. Kali
Hospital ; 18, Central Market ; 19, Lenin Library ; 20,
(under construction) ; 21, Kammenyi Bridge ; 22, Tre
Gallery ; 23, Moskva Bridge ; 24, Main power

The Germans are Bridging the Sahara by Rail



North African natives breaking stones to form a foundation for a great new railway across the Sahara. Right, the three-metre-high trackway.

NORTH-WEST AFRICA, showing the routes of the Trans-Saharan railway now under construction by German engineers with the support of Vichy. At Segou it will connect with the present light railway from Dakar.



THE TRANS-SAHARAN RAILWAY has made considerable progress near Colomb-Bechar. Left, natives laying the metals; above, the foundation for the line across the desert. These photographs from a French source are proof that Nazi-controlled France is not only planning the New Order in North-West Africa, but is looking towards America; Dakar is 1,900 miles—only eight hours' flying time—from Brazil. Thus this vast engineering project has a strategic significance.

Photos. E.N.A. and Keystone

In the Market of Athens Dejection Reigns

FROM OCCUPIED GREECE has been smuggled this remarkable photograph of the fishmarket in Athens. The empty stalls and dejected stallholders are an apt commentary on Hitler's New Order, one of whose inevitable results is the starvation of all the unhappy folk who come under his sway. The food markets of Europe have been looted to feed the Nazis. Such is the logical conclusion of "guns before butter," and the criminal ideal of a Herrenvolk. The Nazis believe themselves born to rule the world. Others may die to serve their monstrous vanity. *Photo, Associated Press*

Our Diary of the War

MONDAY, OCT. 6, 1941 *765th day*

Air.—Enemy shipping attacked off Ostend.

Russian Front.—New German offensive developed into two pincer thrusts towards Moscow.

Africa.—Shipping in Tripoli harbour attacked by R.A.F. bombers on night of Oct. 5-6. Benghazi also attacked. Workshops at Bardia bombed.

Mediterranean.—Naval aircraft attacked aerodromes and seaplane bases at Marsala, Catania and Gherbini.

Home.—Few enemy planes over coastal districts by night.

General.—Five more Czechs executed and all synagogues in Czechoslovakia closed by German decree. New Australian Cabinet formed.

TUESDAY, OCT. 7 *766th day*

Russian Front.—Terrific German onslaught along 350 miles of the central front from Valdai Hills to Bryansk.

Mediterranean.—Admiralty announced eleven more Axis ships sunk or seriously damaged by torpedoes. Piraeus, port of Athens, attacked by bombers of R.A.F. on night of Oct. 6-7. Tripoli harbour also attacked.

Home.—Greatest Army manoeuvres ever held in Britain ended. Enemy night raiders over S. Wales and coasts of S. and W. England.

General.—Arrangements for repatriation of British and German sick and wounded prisoners of war finally cancelled.

WEDNESDAY, OCT. 8 *767th day*

Air.—Naval aircraft attacked enemy shipping and communications in the Vest Fjord area of Norway. Supply ships hit off Bodo on Salton Fiord.

Russian Front.—Germans claimed to have reached Vyazma. Moscow admitted evacuation of Orel. Germans claimed successes towards Melitopol, near Sea of Azov.

Africa.—Tripoli harbour and landing grounds at Gazala attacked during night of Oct. 7-8. Day attack on motor transport between Misurata and Sirte.

THURSDAY, OCT. 9 *768th day*

Air.—Enemy shipping attacked off Ostend and Cherbourg. Hurricanes raided Ostend and offensive sweeps were carried out over enemy occupied territory. Night attack on Aalesund, Norway.

Russian Front.—Fierce fighting in the neighbourhood of Vyazma, Bryansk and Melitopol.

Mediterranean.—Comiso aerodrome and enemy shipping in Mediterranean attacked on night of Oct. 8-9.

Home.—A few bombs on S.W. coast at night.

FRIDAY, OCT. 10 *769th day*

Air.—Shipping attacked off Dutch coast. Night attack over Calais area, as well as on Cologne, the Ruhr, and the docks at Rotterdam, Ostend, Dunkirk and Boulogne.

Russian Front.—Fierce fighting around Briansk. Moscow denied German claim to have encircled Timoshenko's main forces.

Africa.—Benghazi raided on night of Oct. 9-10. Aerodromes at Berka and Benina attacked.

Home.—Single enemy plane dropped bombs in open ground near E. Coast at night.

SATURDAY, OCT. 11 *770th day*

Air.—Offensive sweeps over Occupied France. Night attack by Coastal Command against shipping and land targets on Norwegian coast.

Russian Front.—Fierce battles still raged in the Vyazma and Orel sectors.

Africa.—R.A.F. attacked enemy shipping in Gulf of Sirte.

Home.—Bombs dropped at two points in E. England after dark. One enemy aircraft destroyed.

SUNDAY, OCT. 12 *771st day*

Air.—Heavy night raids on Nuremberg, Bremen and a score of objectives in North and West Germany.

Russian Front.—Russians announced loss of Briansk.

Africa.—Harbours at Benghazi and Tripoli heavily raided on night of Oct. 11-12.

Mediterranean.—Italian convoy attacked during night of Oct. 11-12. Several ships hit by torpedoes and bombs.

Home.—Enemy night activity fairly widespread. Two German aircraft destroyed.

MONDAY, OCT. 13 *772nd day*

Air.—20 enemy aircraft destroyed during offensive sweep over N. France when chemical works and power station were bombed near Mazingarbe, near Béthune. British losses 12 fighters and 1 bomber. Night attacks on Western Germany and on Channel ports and objectives in N. France.

Russian Front.—Enemy drive for Moscow continued, but German progress slower. Russians announced evacuation of Vyazma.

Home.—A few bombs dropped by night over E. England and Home Counties.

TUESDAY, OCT. 14 *773rd day*

Air.—Beauforts attacked enemy shipping off Norway. Spitfires attacked military targets in the Cherbourg peninsula. Bomber Command attacked targets in S. Germany by night.

Russian Front.—New threat to Moscow developed from the north-west. Fierce fighting around Kalinin.

Africa.—British patrol captured enemy post near Tobruk.

Home.—Few night raiders over E. Coast.

General.—77th French victim of German "reprisals" executed in Paris.

WEDNESDAY, OCT. 15 *774th day*

Air.—Enemy shipping attacked off Dutch coast and in the docks at Le Havre. Night attack on French coast from Dunkirk to Calais, and targets in W. Germany.

Russian Front.—Fierce fighting around Kalinin, Briansk and Vyazma. Germans claimed capture of Borodino.

General.—Air Chief Marshal Sir R. Brooke-Popham arrived at Melbourne for discussions with Australian Air Staff.

THURSDAY, OCT. 16 *775th day*

Air.—Offensive sweep over Holland and N. France. Heavy raid on Le Havre. Night attack on targets in Western Germany. Docks at Dunkirk, Ostend and Calais also attacked.

Russian Front.—Rumanians claimed to have marched into Odessa. A Rumanian army under Gen. Jacobici entered the town from which the Red Army defenders had been successfully evacuated by units of the Soviet fleet. Odessa's war industries were completely destroyed by its defenders before they left. Soviet Government reported to have left Moscow.

Africa.—Heavy bombers of R.A.F. raided Benghazi on night of Oct. 15-16.

Home.—A few enemy planes over E. Coast. One enemy bomber destroyed.

General.—Japanese cabinet resigned.

FRIDAY, OCT. 17 *776th day*

Air.—Coastal Command attacked enemy shipping off Norwegian coast. Night attack on coasts of N. France and Belgium by cannon-firing Hurricanes. Two armed trawlers set on fire.

Russian Front.—Moscow announced a successful counter-attack at Kalinin and a slackening of German pressure north of Orel. British military and diplomatic missions left Moscow at request of Soviet authorities. Guerillas in the Kalinin district killed over 1,000 German soldiers, set fire to over 200 ammunition lorries and blew up scores of bridges and pontoons.

Africa.—Bombing and machine-gun raids by R.A.F. on motor transports in Tripolitania. Aerodrome at Ez Zauia attacked.

Mediterranean.—Heavy bombers of R.A.F. raided Naples on night of October 16-17. Many factories hit. Daylight raid on seaplane base at Syracuse.

General.—General Hideki Tojo entrusted with formation of new Japanese cabinet. U.S. destroyer Kearny torpedoed in Atlantic. American House of Representatives approved arming of U.S. merchantmen.

MERCY SHIPS, the Dinard and St. Julien, floodlit at Newhaven. At the beginning of October plans were far advanced for the exchange of a number of severely wounded German prisoners for a number of British soldiers in Nazi hands. But the scheme fell through. The German were re-embarked, and the lights were extinguished in the early hours of Oct. 7. *Photo. Fox*

Who Will Join the Women in Blue and Khaki?

WRENS have now taken over duties with the Fleet Air Arm as well as serving with the Navy. Two of them are here shown being instructed in the intricacies of packing parachutes, a job which calls for skilful fingers.

W.A.A.F. code and cipher officers have lately taken up duties with the R.A.F. Middle East Command. Above, Wing Officer F. M. Hayes discusses the business of the day with Flight Officer M. M. Bevan.

A.T.S. poster, issued in connexion with a big recruiting drive in September 1941; it was painted by Cpl. Games, R.E., War Office artist.

A.T.S. TRANSPORT SECTION at a West Country Depot taking a course of motor-cycle riding are negotiating a ford under the watchful eyes of their instructors. Left, Private Mary Churchill, youngest daughter of the Prime Minister, who has just joined the A.T.S. *Photos, British Official: Crown Copyright; Fox, Keystone, "Daily Mirror"*

Gas May Yet Be Used in This War

Nearly two years have passed since we published (Vol. I., p. 534) an article in which it was stated that expert opinion was then almost unanimous in believing that it was very unlikely that gas would be used in this war. That view has not yet been falsified by experience ; but, in view of the many warnings issued by Government spokesmen, it is obvious that the possibility—some would say, the probability—still exists.

In the last Great War gas was used within nine months of the opening of hostilities, but it has not yet been employed in this. It was used by the Italians in Abyssinia with the most horrible results, and from time to time there have been reports of its use in China : only the other day it was said that the Japanese were using it on the Ichang front. If it *is* used against us, then it will be probably as an accompaniment to an invasion attempt, since of all the weapons in the modern armoury gas may be credited with the most panic-raising effects.

Such panic, however, would be almost certainly the result of ignorance and unpreparedness, rather than of its lethal qualities. We know something of the effects of high explosive and incendiary bombs, but as yet gas has all the terror of the unknown. Yet, judging from past experience, gas is a far less deadly weapon than the H.E. bomb.

" Mustard gas is the most humane weapon ever invented," Mr. J. B. S. Haldane has written in one of his essays. " Of the casualties from mustard gas during the late war there were 170,000 in the British Army alone. Three per cent or less died, and less than one per cent were permanently incapacitated—a very low proportion compared with the casualties from other weapons."

This view is supported by Mr. C. W. Glover in his book, " Civil Defence." In the Great War, he tells us, while gas caused 5·7 per cent of all non-fatal battle injuries, it was responsible for only 1·32 per cent of all battle deaths. Only one casualty resulted from each 230 lb. of lung gas used ; it took 60 lb. of blister gas to cause a casualty, and 650 lb. of eye, nose and chest irritant gas ; 6,000 tons of tear gas caused not a single casualty. On an average, there was only one casualty for each 192 lb. of gas. Another point to be remembered is that in hospital gas cases recovered in about half the time that was required for other wounded.

" The judgement of future generations on the use of gas," General Hartley has written, " may well be influenced by the pathetic appeal of Sargent's picture of the first ' Mustard Gas ' casualties at Ypres, but it must not be forgotten in looking at that picture that 75 per cent of the blinded men he drew were fit for duty within three months, and that, had their limbs and nerves been shattered by the effects of high explosive, their fate would have been infinitely worse."

If There Is a Gas Attack

In the event of a gas attack against this country, poisonous gases of either non-persistent or persistent type might be discharged from aircraft, either in the form of bombs or (in the case of the latter) in the shape of liquid spray. It is possible that clouds of gas might be released from ships approaching the shore at some distance. The most dangerous and most effective attack might be by gas bombs on large cities, where the buildings are closely packed, and there is little opportunity for the gas cloud to be dissipated by cross currents of air. The attack might be made at night, when aircraft can operate most securely ; but, on the other hand, an attack in daylight might be expected to catch thousands of people in the open streets. In any case, gas bombs would probably be accompanied by high explosive, which would blast windows and walls and would destroy, or at least seriously hamper, anti-gas precautions.

When a bomb bursts in a street a poison cloud is formed which may rise rapidly to roof level and move along the street, according to the direction and velocity of the wind.

A nurse working a baby's respirator during a mock gas-attack at Esher. Mothers with infants should make a point of regular practice with baby's respirator. *Photo, Topical*

Two danger zones may be distinguished : (a) one in which concentration is so high as to be fatal to unprotected persons, and (b) one in which, though the concentration is so high that the risk of becoming a casualty is great, yet there will be plenty of time for the donning of respirators. On the fringe of this zone the gas will still be sufficiently strong to cause watering of the eyes and severe coughing. In a long street of terraced houses, with few or no side turnings, the length of the first zone may be as much as 1,200 yards ; in streets with semi-detached houses and cross-roads it may be as short as 300 yards. When there is no wind a gas cloud may take about 14 minutes to disappear in summer, and 20 minutes in winter ; though the time is affected, of course, by the closeness or otherwise of the buildings and the condition of the atmosphere. In a dense fog, or a completely enclosed courtyard, the cloud might take as long as an hour to disperse.

Against clouds of phosgene, the non-persistent gas most likely to be used as being one of the most deadly, the respirator is claimed to be a complete protection. Against mustard gas vapour and spray, the respirator protects the face, eyes, and lungs, but the outer clothing is likely to become contaminated. Moreover, while phosgene is quickly dissipated in a light wind, mustard gas is persistent, and an area splashed may remain dangerous for hours, perhaps days

Carry Your Gas Masks!

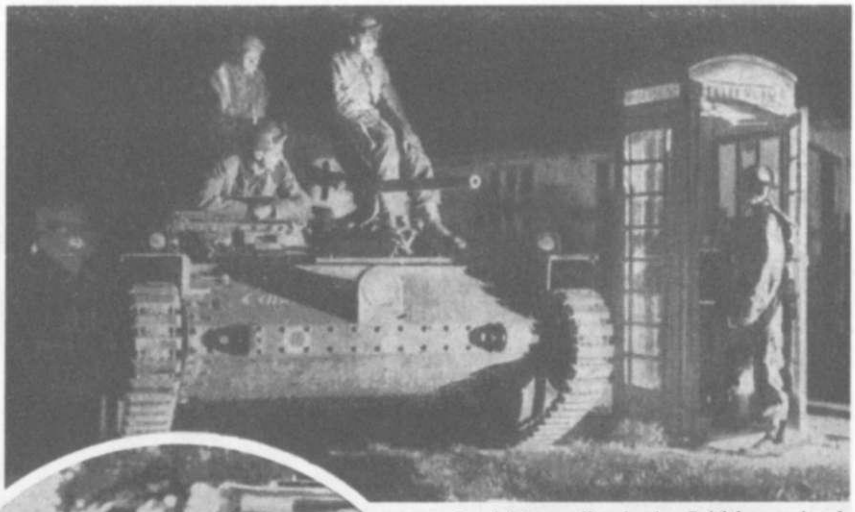
Since before the war members of the Civil Defence services have been trained in anti-gas protection, and their knowledge has been refreshed and kept up to date by frequent practice. So far as the general public is concerned they are required to do little more than to carry their gas masks. But, needless to say, they should also know how to put them on and " make it snappy." Gas, it should be stressed time and again, is pre-eminently a panic weapon ; against a people properly protected and possessed of a proper knowledge of what gas can and cannot do, it is likely to prove a very blunt weapon indeed.

R.A.M.C. men, wearing their anti-gas apparel, carrying a casualty out of a smoke-screen. Note how the gloves are worn over the sleeves, and the ankles are strapped to prevent gas from reaching the skin. Properly adjusted this uniform is a complete protection.

Photo, Daily Mirror

They 'Tried Out' an Invasion of Britain

SOVIET EYE-WITNESSES hear Brigadier Firebrace explaining operations during the recent large-scale manoeuvres which extended over half of England.



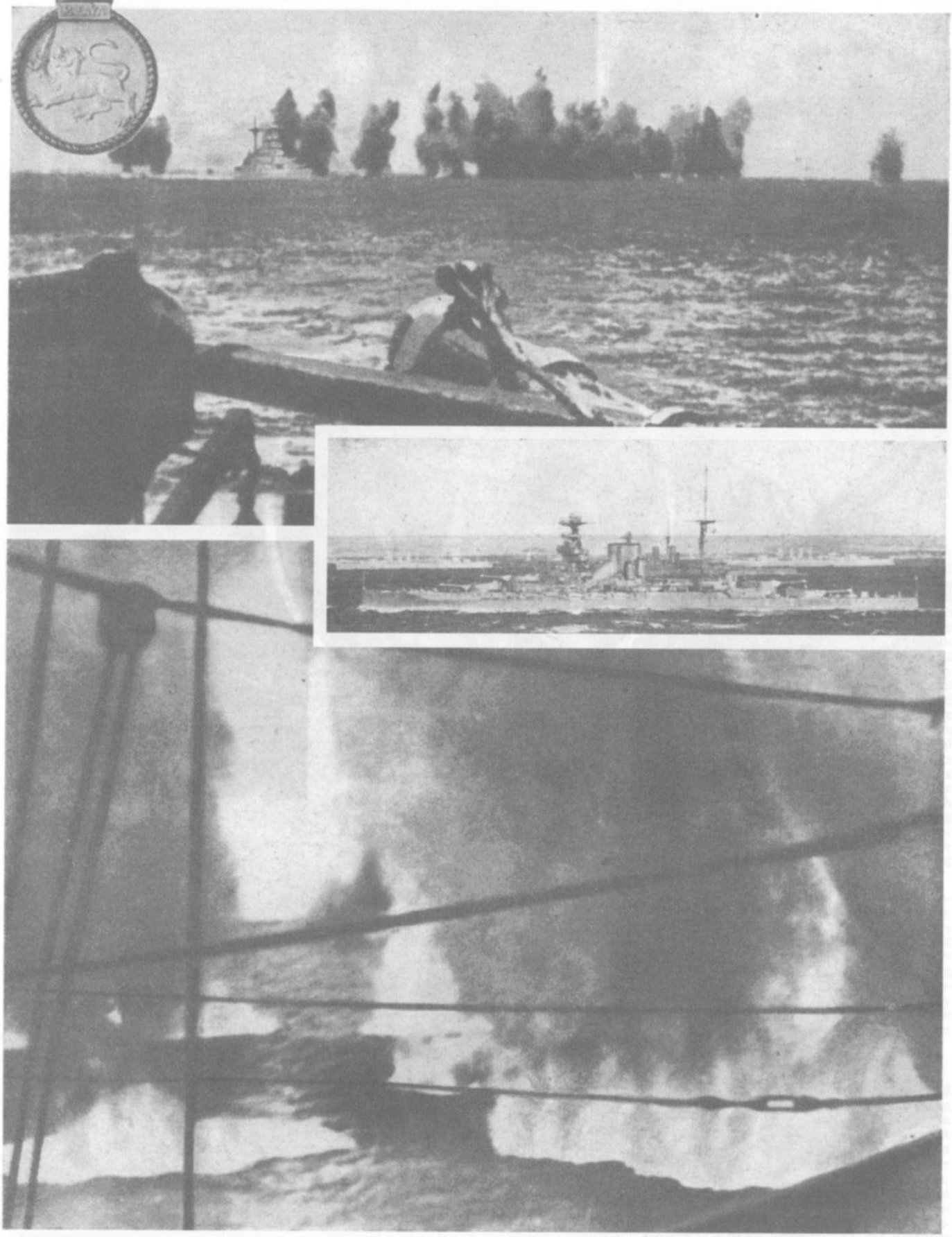
By night as well as by day British armoured units played a great part in these Army exercises in which hundreds of thousands of men were engaged.

Taking no chances against possible fifth-columnists, the defenders closely inspected civilians' credentials. Left, gunner of a Westland Lysander with an Army Cooperation Squadron. Right, Gen. Sir Alan Brooke, C.-in-C. Home Forces, watching the battle from an air liner.

LANDING FROM BARGES on the shores of a remote Scottish loch, British shock troops of the Combined Training Command recently showed the King the technique of modern raiding warfare. Together with a group of high naval and military officers, His Majesty watched the men practising beach landings, raids and assaults. Once the barges had grounded the steel platforms crashed down and the troops leapt ashore and at once charged towards their objectives.

Photos, British Official: Crown Copyright; Associated Press, Fox, Barratt's, Planet News, Sport & General

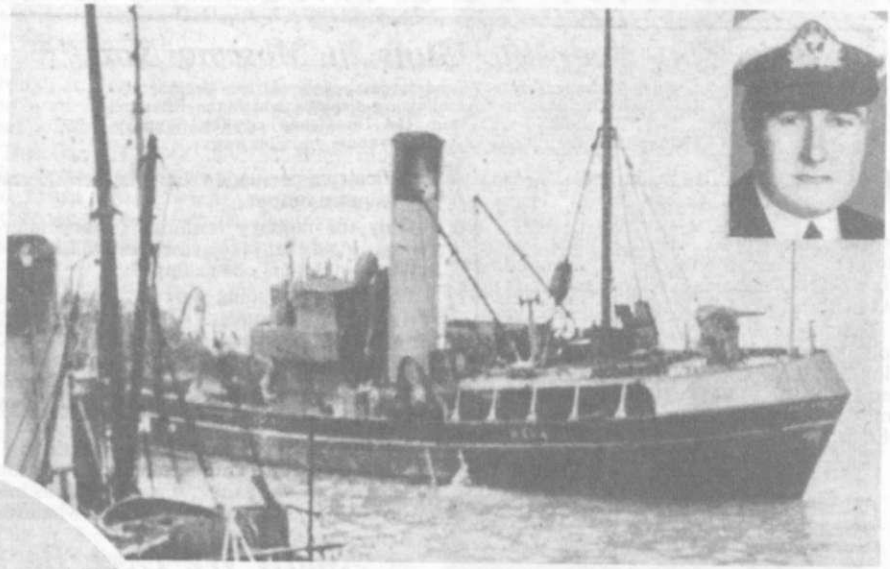
H.M.S. Malaya Rides the Storm of Bombs

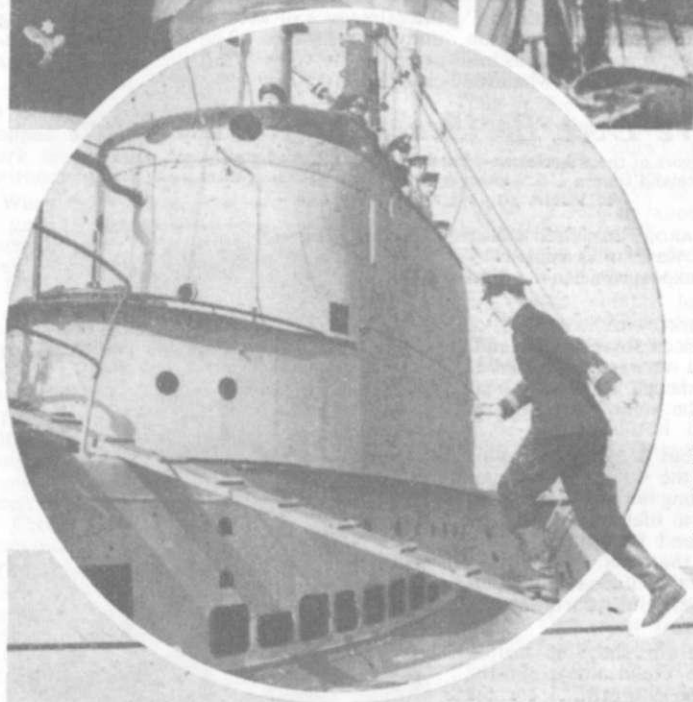


BOMBS BURSTING close to H.M.S. Malaya. Mountainous columns of black and white smoke and spray are rising all round the battleship. At the top of the page the Malaya passing safely through the inferno. In the centre, a clear view of this 31,100-ton battleship, originally a gift to Britain from the Federated Malay States. She underwent a £1,000,000 refit a few years ago. The ship's motto is "In the care of God," and her badge is shown in the inset, top left.

Photos, Associated Press; Badge, Copyright of Controller of H.M. Stationery Office

Cheers for the Lady Shirley and Seawolf



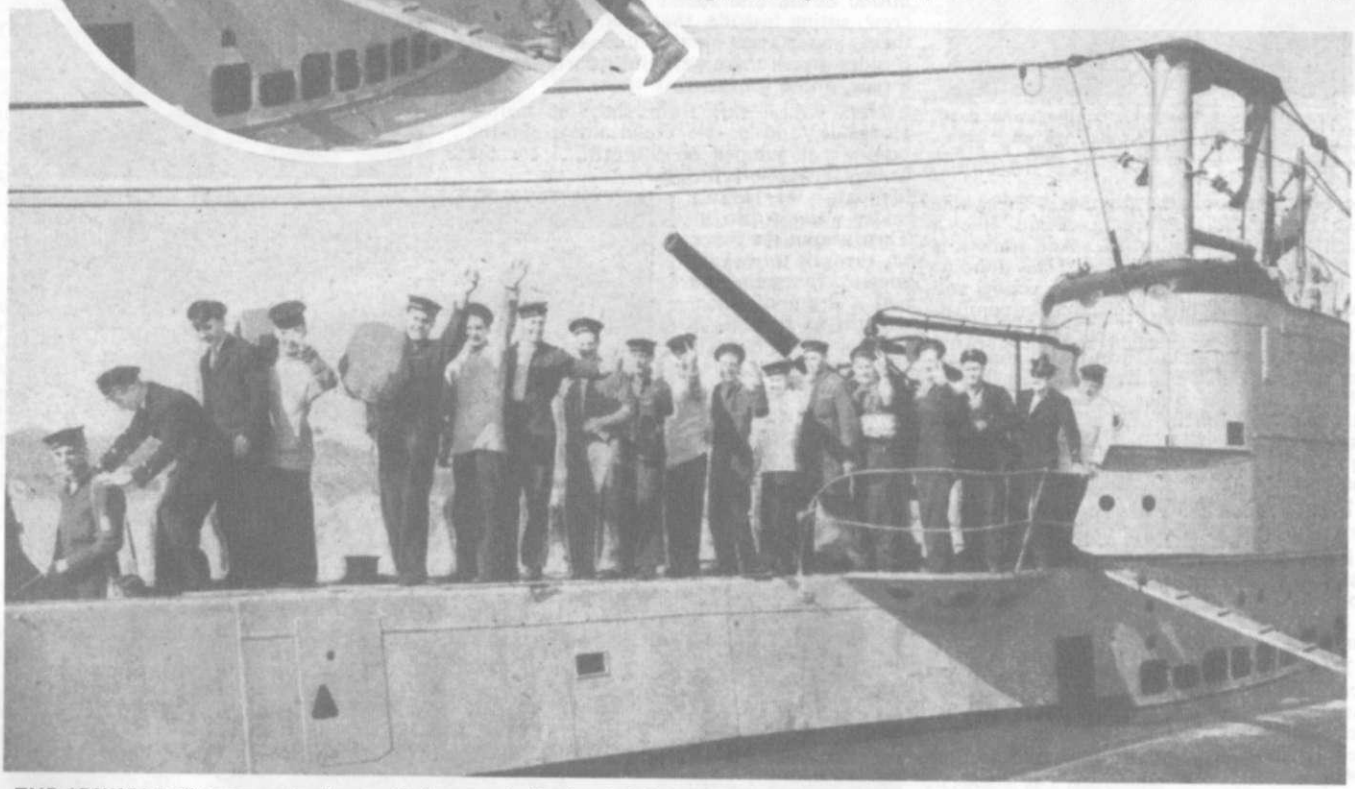


LT.-CMDR. A. H. CALLAWAY, R.A.N.V.R. (inset top right), of the Lady Shirley, 472-ton trawler, won the D.S.O. for a brilliant exploit in which a 1,000-ton U-boat was sunk and the crew captured.

The Lady Shirley sighted the conning-tower of the enemy submarine and gave chase. When the U-boat dived, depth charges forced her to the surface about five hundred yards away from the trawler. A hail of bullets met the submarine's officers and men as they opened the conning-tower and attempted to reach their gun. The Nazis attacked with a machine-gun in the conning-tower. The Lady Shirley answered with her four-inch gun, nearly every shell hitting the U-boat. When seaman-gunlayer L. W. Pizzey was killed, Sub-Lieut. F. E. French leapt into his place, and the gun crew kept up a terrific fire until the German machine-gun was knocked out.

The Nazis, who had not been able to reach their 4·7 gun and get it into action, retreated along the deck with their hands above their heads. The Lady Shirley ceased fire as the submarine began to sink and her crew jumped into the sea. Forty-five Germans were rescued and taken prisoner. One, badly wounded, died, and was buried at sea. The others were handed over to the authorities in Gibraltar harbour.

The Lady Shirley was formerly a Hull fishing trawler and was built four years ago. Her displacement is 472 tons and her full complement is no more than 30.



THE SEAWOLF off to sea again after a refit, her crew indicating their indomitable spirit with hand-waves and victory signs. Circle, the Submarine's captain strides up the gangway with confident and jaunty step. Top left, Leading Stoker Owen Wood, with his wife, baby, and the D.S.M. which he won for gallant work in that branch of H.M. Forces which Mr. Churchill, on Sept. 9, referred to as "the most dangerous of all the Services," and praised "for their skill and devotion which have proved of inestimable value to the life of our country."

Photos, "Daily Mirror," Central Press, and Press Portrait Bureau

I Was There! .... Eye Witness Stories of the War

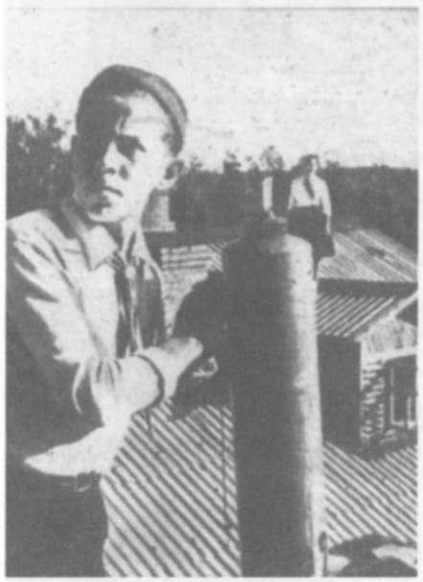
'We Can Hear the Guns in Moscow Now'

The spirit which pervaded Moscow under the shadow of the German onslaught was vividly depicted in the following dispatch which the Russian journalist, Ilya Ehrenburg, sent from the threatened city on Sunday, October 12, when the Germans were some 70 miles away.

We can hear the grumbling of distant guns in Moscow now. They are the guns near Vyazma, where our brothers are fighting. Hearing them, women stop for a moment in the street, and think of what is happening out there—and then hurry on faster to their munition factories.

They pass long columns of fresh troops going out to battle. They see tanks lumbering along, and munition convoys speeding westward. At the railway stations they see many trainloads of reinforcements departing to plunge into the desperate struggle.

There is not much cheering. Everybody is too busy and too stern for that. The whole vast movement is forging ahead like a machine expertly controlled. And while it is in progress the people who must stay at home—the workers, the women, the young and the old—are all fitting themselves for combat.



Mitya Afonin, a Russian schoolboy who put out eight incendiaries which fell on a school roof in Moscow. He is erecting a fire-extinguisher. *Photo, British Official*

On every large open space people are learning to shoot and to throw hand-grenades. Yesterday I was in a university hall, a theatre lobby, a café and other public places. The chief conversation in each was of the right way to wield bottles filled with inflammable liquid, how to fire machine-guns, how to dig anti-tank ditches, and so on.

In fact, this old city has become a gigantic fortress with a garrison of millions.

I was at a big war factory the other day. I saw faces grey with tiredness. Many of the women had been there three days, refusing to leave for rest. They were helping their husbands at the front.

They worked on even when enemy bombers were directly overhead, when the noise of anti-aircraft fire was drowning the hum of their industry. They worked on even when they heard that whistling noise you in the towns of Britain know so well.

I asked one of them how many hours of sleep she was getting. She said, almost fiercely, "It is a sin to sleep now. I shall not sleep while they are dying out there." It is difficult to persuade them that a little rest means more output.

Only for military training is work interrupted. And that is the case with all kinds of activities. Here is one example:

Classes were going on as usual at the Institute of Ceramics. Girls were painting flowers on porcelain. Suddenly one stood up and said, "We must learn to throw bottle-grenades! We're wasting time here." All the girls supported her suggestion. They marched out to the training field.

I saw the "proposer of the resolution" later—a pleasant, snub-nosed little person called Galya. She said, "Each one of us has resolved to kill at least one Nazi—whatever happens to us. We want to go out there now, and start." She pointed in the direction of the west.

Later, I met the actors at the Kamerny Theatre. They had been studying machine-gun parts for two hours before they put on their grease-paint. With me was a young student of literature, a disciple of Shelley. He had been digging anti-tank ditches all day.

We Russians have always imagined our capital as a woman. We see her now as our wife or mother in danger.

In churches this morning prayers went up for our defenders. Old women queued up to give their wedding rings and crucifixes to the Defence Fund. Young people practised Civil Defence.

It was all quiet and grim. And yet the German wireless announces that there is confusion here!

Our own radio answers the lie. On all the front lines, from Murmansk to the Crimea, the calm voice of Moscow is heard expressing undying resistance. The voice of the broadcaster is the voice of all the millions in this city today.—"*Daily Herald.*"

'Shall We Ever Be Picked Up?' We Asked

Three survivors of the American-owned ship Sessa, sunk by a U-boat, were landed in Iceland from a U.S. destroyer early in September, after being (as told below) 19 days adrift on a raft.

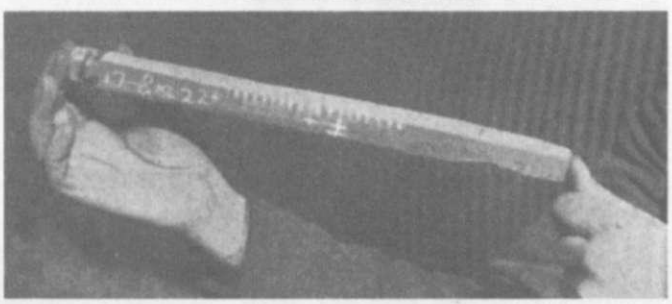
HENRIK BJERREGAARD, Danish first officer of the Sessa, was still crippled by frostbite and exposure when he told the following story.

We left New York with a cargo of supplies for the American forces in Iceland. After some time at sea we were torpedoed at midnight, and then shelled by the U-boat as the ship sank. She went down in two minutes.

I had no lifebelt, but I grabbed a pole as I was thrown into the water. A seaman joined me, and we hung on for two hours. Then we floated to a lifeboat which was upside down, and found four more of the crew sitting astride the keel. We joined them, and stayed on the lifeboat all night. Besides myself there were three Portuguese, a Swede, and a Canadian.

Next day a raft from the ship drifted alongside, and as we could not right the boat we all jumped on the raft. I cut the canvas cover off the lifeboat, swimming under water to do it. Then we put the cover on the raft to make a roof. After seeing we had a drum of water and tin of biscuits, I cut a sliver off the raft and started a log.

Every day at sunrise I made a notch to mark another day. After the tenth day on



SESSA, a former Danish ship which was flying the Panamanian flag when sunk in Arctic waters. Top, Henrik Bjerregaard, first officer; centre, the log which he kept on a piece of wood until he and two companions on a raft were rescued. His story is printed in this page.
Photos, Bippa and Wide World

I WAS THERE!

the raft one man died, and on the thirteenth two more died. One of the men was the Canadian, and another a Portuguese. To mark their deaths I cut a little cross into my wooden log above the day of the month.

We had a sip of water each day and hard biscuits. When the water ran out we caught rainwater. On the seventeenth day all our water went, and our throats were so parched that we could not eat anything.

The sea was moderate most of the time, but it was impossible to go right off to sleep. We should have been washed off. When I got to Reykjavik I had my first night's sleep for three weeks.

Every sunrise as I notched my log my two remaining companions, the Swede and the Portuguese, asked: "Shall we ever be picked up?" Every day I said "Yes. We are drifting towards Iceland. A fishing-boat will see us."

I was quite confident that I should live through it. On the eighteenth day we saw smoke on the horizon, but to our intense disappointment it faded away.

Then on the 19th day, as I lay utterly exhausted, I heard to my joy a ship's siren and raised myself weakly to see the Stars and Stripes of an American destroyer.

There were 27 men in the Sessa, and all the others must be lost. Our ship was flying the Panama flag. We were a Danish ship taken over by the American Government.—"*Daily Express*"

After an R.A.F. raid on Bremen more than a year ago; today the results are much worse. A Czech writes in this page about what the R.A.F. has done in Germany. *Photo, Keystone*

Our Life as Czech Labourers in Germany

The unhappy fate of the Czechs in their homeland is described in page 206.
Here is an account of the harsh experience of Czech workers transported to Germany for forced labour, given by one of them to H. O. Brandon.

BEFORE I was sent to Germany I was helping to build a villa for a Czech mayor in my home town. Suddenly all construction work in the district was stopped by the German authorities. Only work on important factories in the neighbourhood was to be completed.

When my colleagues and I had to register as unemployed at the Labour Exchange, a German officer was present. Two days later I received a printed letter telling me to be at the railway station at a certain time to go to my next job—unspecified. Out of work and hungry I decided to go and see. My colleagues were also at the station, and only when we approached the German frontier did we know our fate.

There are now about 100,000 Czech building workers forced to labour in Germany. Members of our trade form the largest contingent; there are about 20,000 Czech metal workers besides. Our group of Czech workers in Bremen numbered about 3,000.

Our pay, actually the only sign that we were not prisoners, was about 35 per cent less than that of Germans. Expenses for our communal kitchen were deducted beforehand, and every month we had to give different "voluntary" donations to institutions such as the German Red Cross, "Winterhilfe," and so on. Our food was officially of the same standard as for prisoners of war. We had some kind of soup daily; its ingredients could not be specified. Three of us shared one unbreakable tin plate. We slept in some kind of barracks and were watched day and night by S.S. men. We were not allowed to buy clothing, and when relatives at home were asked to send us clothes they never reached us. We were supplied with a kind of sackcloth uniform.

The Gestapo and S.S. not only watch foreigners on forced labour—they watch the German workers, too. In their own factories, indeed, the Germans are under observation like convicts. If a German worker does not perform a certain minimum of work, or if he offends against discipline, he is thrown into the factory concentration camp. I am not speaking of sabotage, for which the punishment is death, but of minor offences. It is an offence, for instance, if a word is heard that sounds like grumbling. In the concentration camp the offending worker remains a prisoner until the supervisor thinks he has been cured by the camp's disciplinary methods.

These methods vary, but prisoners will be set to work on tasks of no practical use to break their spirit. They will be set to carry steel bars from one end of the camp to the other and back again. The monotony and stupidity and strain and fatigue soon show their effects.

This is the situation of a "free German worker," which cannot, of course, be compared with ours; we are foreigners, belonging to a lower race. We have no right to holidays or to visit our family; many of the foreign labourers have not seen their relatives for 18 months. Money for their support is being deducted from wages, but no one knows whether it reaches them.

The Nazis compel foreign workers to take up work in Germany not only because their scheme is devised as one of the means by which whole nations can be annihilated. For months and years these men are being kept away from their homeland, their families, their cultural life; they cannot read in their own language and have little opportunity to speak it.

Families are deliberately scattered all over Greater Germany, for it is a rule that a son is never sent to the same place as his father, and brother never allowed to work with brother. The young generation are thus losing contact with their own soil and with their own fellows. There is no chance for them to find a wife of their own nationality, and, of course, they are not allowed to marry a German girl. The whole scheme is designed to sap the existence of a nation.

I was shifted about a lot during my involuntary stay in Germany, being sent to Berlin, Stettin, Hamburg and Bremen. Bremen was the worst; we had bombs everywhere, and when we arrived some days after a raid the ruins of the wrecked buildings were still smoking. We were mostly employed in clearing destroyed buildings, never the docks; but we knew from others that there were whole districts wiped out and that traffic was stopped for days after each raid.

Although we were not allowed to go to shelters, during sudden panics I sometimes entered a public one and listened to the "Voice of the People." You would not believe what the Germans dare to say in public about their "beloved" Fuehrer and his gang—things we should never dare to say in Prague. But nearly all that I heard finished up like this: "Even though we don't like our leaders, and even though we detest the war, we must fight on to the bitter end. We have gone too far. The existence of the German people is at stake. We cannot retreat now." The most discussed question was whether the United States would enter the war, and all who experienced the last war openly say that that will be the crucial point.—"*Daily Telegraph*"

Siftings From the News

Turkeys have been changing hands at £3 each.

There are now about 18,000 members of the Woman's Land Army.

West Ham has been presented with a Travelling Dispensary by Philadelphia, U.S.A.

New York's Mayor La Guardia has urged the purchase of 50,000,000 gas masks.

A portrait of Paderewski by the late Princess Louise, painted in the 'nineties, has been presented to the Polish Ambassador.

The cost of repairing Croydon's bomb-damaged property up to May 31 last was £282,248.

4,500,000,000 bricks are needed for the new war factories, hostels for war-workers and first-aid repairs.

The Cyprus garrison is now the strongest in the history of the island.

Radiolocation was used in Russia in 1937 to guide fog-bound ships.

The Dutch royal family's property in Holland has been stolen by the Nazis.

People of Mufulira, N. Rhodesia, have contributed £2,500 for British war charities.

An army of 100,000 Free French fighting men is being formed at Brazzaville, French Equatorial Africa.

At 83, Mr. Cottrill of Birmingham is making essential parts for aircraft.

Coxswain Blogg, of Cromer, has been awarded the Gold Medal of the Royal National Lifeboat Institution for the third time.

Miss E. Duncan holds the world record for making 6,130 A.A. shell components in a six-day week.

Convicts in Britain's penal establishments have produced £500,000 worth of war material in one year.

Ancient Egyptian tombs, their mummies removed, are providing air-raid shelters for Siwa oasis people, in the Western Desert.

The Falls of Glomach, Ross-shire, are now part of the National Trust for Scotland.

Roast cygnet may be a wartime dish if the Ministry of Food give permission to kill cygnets for food purposes.

A.F.S. men are using Dr. Johnson's house, Gough Square, as a rest centre.

A South Norwood boy of ten is raising money for a Spitfire fund by lending books to playmates at 1d. a week.

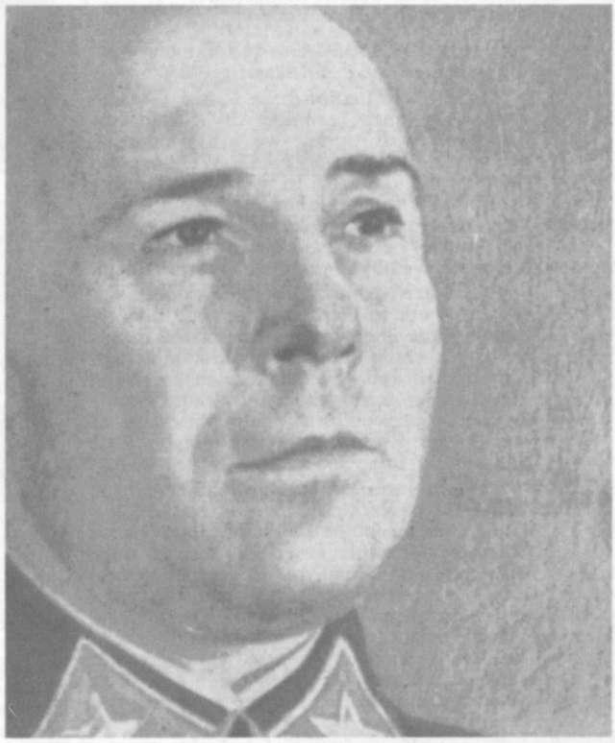
Editor's Postscript

JOURNEYING to my country home this smiling afternoon of early autumn the thought that came uppermost in my mind was the futility of air war against a land where any good defence could be put up. Here we were in an electric express, seated in a comfortable Pullman, rushing through scenes of pastoral beauty and considerable industrial activity over which thousands of aeroplanes in numberless combats had been engaged and many thousands of tons of bombs had been dropped during two years of war, yet once beyond the suburbs not a sign of any kind to suggest there was a war on, or any war had ever been! I would even venture to prophesy that in two years from now that same countryside will look exactly as it did this afternoon, when it looked much as I have known it over forty years and as I have passed through it several times a week for sixteen years. All over the British Isles this afternoon trains were streaming along gleaming railway lines where the heated imagination of Hitler had foreseen nothing but devastation wrought by his "finest air force in the world" which he had commanded Goering to provide for him. Rather wonderful, don't you think? And the moral is that air power alone will conquer no country. Poland and Holland succumbed not merely to aerial attack, but to the coordination of that with mechanized land attack.

ENORMOUS ruin has been wrought in many of our great cities and coastal towns, and but for the silver streak that so fortunately separates our homeland from Hunland Hitler might not have needed to explain to his fellow-Huns why his long-threatened invasion of England had been postponed. But no silver streak, and the whole course of European history would have been changed long before Hitler ever mixed a pail of paste. Not that I have ceased to believe in the possibility of an attempt at invasion, but the improbability of its success has increased every month that has passed since Dunkirk. On the other hand, when I hear complaints about our not invading the Continent, where millions are awaiting deliverance at our hands, I realize that many a day may have to pass before we are in any position to carry the War into Germany other than by air, and though our beautiful bombs on Berlin will greatly help they cannot force a decision.

SO long as the present astrology craze amuses people and they don't take it seriously, perhaps no great harm results. There is certainly "entertainment value" in it. But when one reads the announcement at the annual convention of the American Federation of Scientific (*sic*) Astrologers that "Hitler's star is setting; he is on the downgrade; his move on Russia was a great mistake; and although *we cannot predict the date* of his defeat, it is certain that *if* the U.S. enters the War before next spring he is doomed," one is moved less by amusement than derision and contempt. No stars are needed to tell us these things, and the words I have italicized indicate the quackery of the business in its higher reaches.

HERE is a paragraph by an English exponent of the so-called science: "There can be no doubt of the tension which I predicted would be upon us this week-end. If you feel anxious, please remember that the tide of battle now turning cannot but make for nervousness. The main thing is that the tide goes now in *our* direction." The stars told him that . . . the stars my foot! And also "terrific news is on the way from France." The real sources of his knowledge are many millions of miles nearer than the nearest star: what the wireless calls "agency messages."



MARSHAL TIMOSHENKO, 47-year-old commander of the Red armies in the central sector, is a native of Bessarabia. Conscripted into the Tsar's army in 1914, he became a Marshal of the Soviet Union in 1940. *From the portrait by V. Yakalev*

OCCASIONALLY in an idle moment, to test these scanners of the firmament I have looked at the daily horoscope of my birthday, and while admiring the adroitness with which the words are framed to suit almost any human creature born anywhere on earth on any of the 365 days which go to make a year, I have never struck one that I could identify with my own particular case. This today is an example: "Memorable week-end. New opportunities for contact with interesting people. Welcome news arrives by post, but watch £ s. d." Wrong on every point, so far as I am concerned. But little these bright lads reck: they eat their own words as easily, and with as great a relish, as their eggs and bacon (I put egg in the plural as they can doubtless see more than I can).

NOT one "astrologer" on this planet—not one, I repeat—foresaw the date of the War: without exception they divined the message of the stars as making for Peace! I defy the whole brood of them to predict its end! Science, indeed! Modern astrology has the same relationship to science as the spotting of winners for the 3.30. That, and no more. But in ancient times, before it was discovered that the earth was not the fixed centre of the universe with the sun and moon and multitudinous stars circling about it, the element of primitive science was not absent, and out of it the true science of astronomy was eventually born. The abracadabra in which its exponents deal today dates back to the dark ages before astronomy, to times when even the finest intellects in Ancient Rome believed in signs and portents, and looked for revelations in the reeking entrails of sacrificial animals.

WHY do people shout on the telephone and bellow on the microphone? I ask this, remembering that I once had to part company with an assistant editor because he disturbed the whole staff by screaming at the pitch of his voice when using the phone and just couldn't get out of the habit. And tonight I have been listening to Lord Beaverbrook broadcasting his vivid, informative and business like talk on his most business-like mission to Moscow in accents that were better suited to a Hyde Park orator on a soap-box trying with his naked voice to gather an audience than to a broadcaster in a sound-proof room speaking in front of a world-resounding microphone.

THERE is, I think, something to do with nerves in this quite foolish habit of shouting into an instrument which can enormously magnify one's voice so that a mere whisper will go round the globe in a flash that makes Ariel's promise to girdle it in forty minutes sound extraordinarily out of date. Merchant mariner Laskier, whose very dramatic broadcast from a Liverpool café a week or so back brought him a spot of fame overnight, spoke in a tone that seldom rose above the voice of a speaker who had lost his vocal cords, yet I'm sure it was as clear and audible to the millions of listeners as Lord Beaverbrook's loudest passages, which lost from over-emphasis. There is no more surprising thing than to hear your own voice recorded for the first time. They told me at Elstree when I was recording the commentary to "Forgotten Men" years ago that a famous American stage actress got so great a fright on hearing her voice for the first time as it issued from the sound track that she fled the studio and had to be sought at her hotel in London, where she was contemplating throwing up her contract!

HAVE just had a mystery explained to me: the recurring lack of shillings in shopkeepers' tills. I had to take eight sixpences the other day in place of four shillings. At other times the familiar bob seems to be in ample supply. Explanation: gas and electric meters. When housewives are using their shilling meters a lot they save up shillings so that they may not have to go short of light or heat at a critical moment, then with the periodical clearances of the meters the accumulated shillings go back into circulation just to become scarce once more before another clearing time comes round.

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